

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

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(To our frontispiece.)

## Eyes Which See Not.

Look at her! She lets her sensitive fingers, with gentle, caressing touch, wander over the face of the young woman before her—for she is blind—and although the sense of touch and hearing has been developed to an astonishing degree, they can only im-

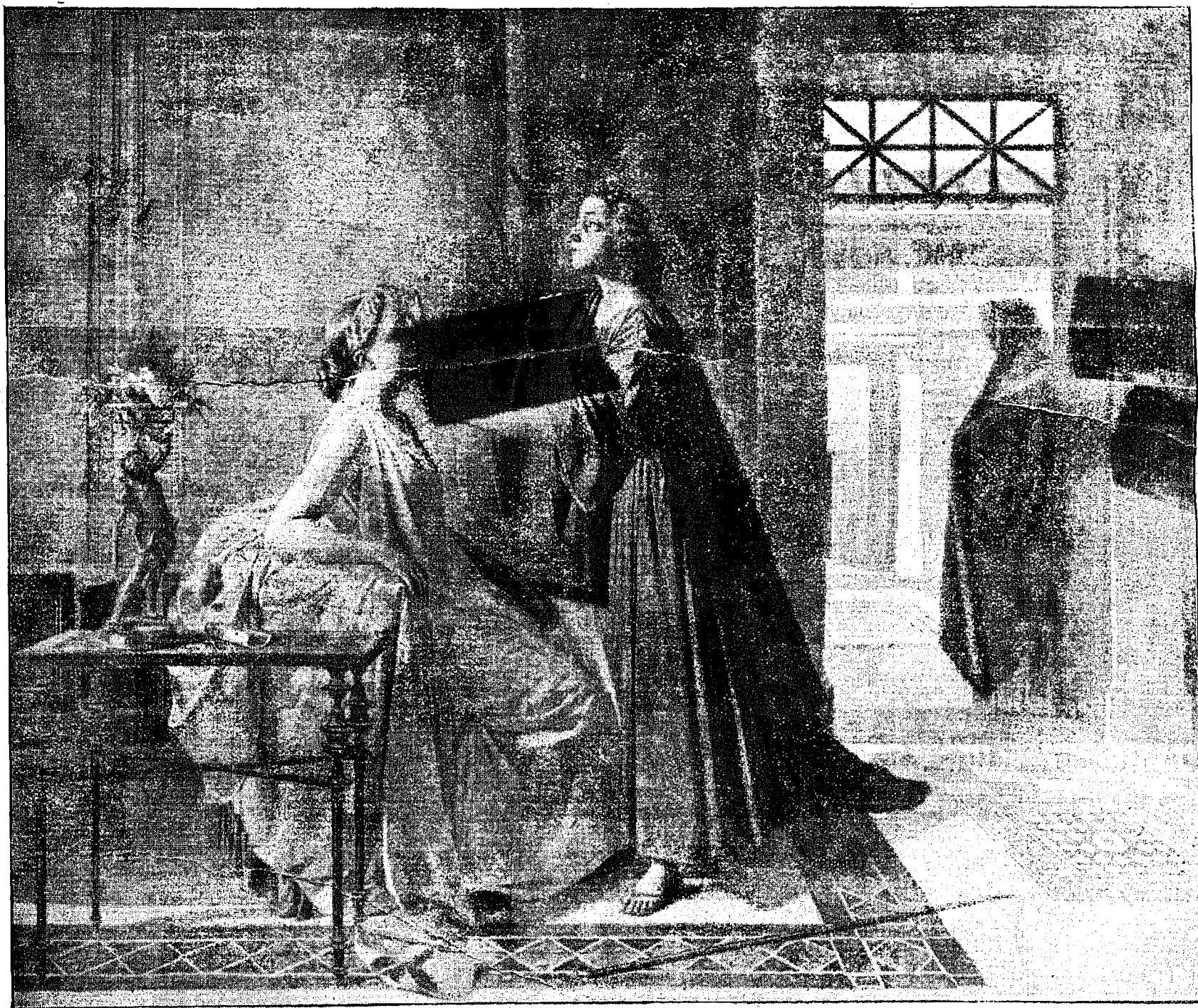
beauty of the face before her, than a tedious examination by touch.

We can little understand what a tremendous loss physical blindness meant to her. The beauties of sea and sky, of field and flowers, were unknown to her. Comparatively few people value the sense of sight correctly. Even those who have eyes to see frequently have a defective or distorted vision, which prevents true discernment of the things that surround them. The near-

est without noticing their charms or reading the plain teachings which they convey to an observant mind. Show these people the photograph of a pretty piece of landscape, which they may have seen scores of times before, and they will exclaim, "What a lovely scene, we never thought it was so beautiful." God has rooted His sermons in the soil and preaches them in the growing tree; He speaks through the fragrance of the flowers; His proverbs float in the clouds of the sky; His faithfulness is proclaimed by the rocks and mountains, and His

the things that concern "what shall we eat and what shall we drink" our business, our children, our comforts, our pleasures, our worries, and our needs, and never raise our sight to take in the perspective of the whole and thereby understand everything in its relationship to our life. We are spiritually color-blind, and we have only an understanding for the sombre-colored things of the earth, while the delicate tints of distance and the glorious, bright colors of the sky remain unnoticed.

The records of Jesus' ministry on



perfectly replace the organ of vision. The texture of the soft skin and the symmetric beauty of the curves of the forehead, temples and eye-brows, the clearly-chiseled form of nose and chin and the well-shapen ears are correctly measured and understood by her deaf fingers, but of the blush of the cheek, the red of the lip, the lustre of the hair and the flash of the eye she has no possible means of conception. Could she see, one glance would have revealed to her infinitely better the

sighted people can only see the object close to the eye, not being able to take in the whole view in a proper perspective, while others again are color-blind and are either unable to distinguish between certain colors or are blind to the beauty of softly blended tints, as much as a deaf man is unmoved by the most exquisite music.

We go still further and can find a multitude of people who, with a normal and correct vision, yet pass in and out among scenes full of beauty and inter-

very thoughts are written in the bowels of the earth. We see his providence rolling through the countries in rains and rivers, and the language of His love is imprinted on innumerable objects which meet our eyes daily, but, as Jesus declared, the masses still have eyes to see, but see not. Where the dullard can only see leaves and branches, Shakespeare sees a poem.

Cannot the explanation of so much defect in mental and spiritual sight be found in the fact that we are accustomed to focus the eye only on the things close to us; we look, and observe, and contemplate almost entirely

earth show Him taking His illustrations from the things of nature. He continually directs the eyes to objects that man should learn the alphabet of visible creation, and so read the Gospel of God all around us.

The devil is anxious to spoil the clearness of God's language of nature, but to the truly consecrated soul, nothing can offset it.

That was the secret of Job's strength; when crash came upon crash, when property and children and health was lost, he turned himself to his fate, in all things he saw the hand of God, for he had seeing eyes.

## Bliss and Blister.

Sin is never disposed of at less than cost.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.

Lip-service is vain without heart-consecration.

You have got to give a heart if you want to win a heart.

Our faith in what God has done is kept alive by what He is doing.

Faith is the mother of character, and a mature faith is never childless.

The more faith a man has in God, the more he has in his fellow-creatures.

Heart-talk rather than mere head ones are more suited to a prayer meeting.

As the sun showeth light to the world, so does a good Christian to a sinner.

A character is not easily made, and when established is entitled to great weight.

God wants to prepare us for the highest usefulness as well as the highest blessedness.

Christ is seeking to save; the devil is seeking whom he may devour; are you seeking the Kingdom of God?

As soon as the joyous service of the trusted follower be replaced by self-seeking, life at once begins to die.

Every Christian is enlisted for continuous service. Loyalty to Christ is the definite motive, and His victory the definite aim.

One cannot too sedulously look after the small courtesies in one's conduct. Habits count for everything here and example is better than precept.

It takes everybody to know everything, and a little questioning reveals a vast amount of ignorance in those who think themselves very wise.

Men do not break down in a single act, but by slow processes, character as an entirety is weakened, and guilt shows itself in more than one place.

Grumbling is bad. Gossiping is bad. Lying is bad. And there are many more things like them which the good Christian cannot chew, but must eschew.

Instead of God conforming to our religious air-castles, He brings us into the dust of humility and bids us do some little simple thing that will puncture our pride, and put us where we are nothing and God is all.

God utterly ignores our size and self-importance, and does not come to us in the style we anticipate, but sends some little message in some very humble way that will the most perfectly touch our pride and self-righteousness.

## COALING-STATIONS.

By STAFF-CAPT. LAMB, U. S. A.

Certain Islands and ports are valued by the powers who possess them, not according to their taxation, but very largely because of their advantageous location as coaling-stations. For example, the Spanish Government during the recent war, sent forth a fleet for the defence of the Philippines. Before, however, they had gone half their journey they were compelled to either replenish their exhausted coal supplies, or return home. Spain had no territory along the route of sailing and so the Camera's squadron was forced to return.

Has it not often been so in the great Salvation War? Why all this "shipwreck of faith" that we witness on every hand? or, if not positive shipwreck, why so much returning to port by many who go forth with sails hoisted and flags flying, banners waving and the flash of expectant victory in the eye? Why this humiliation and failure after such fine promise of conquest? My answer is, because the soul has not had

Sufficient Coaling-Stations.

along its route to the field of battle.

What can I say about these special times, when special grace is sought, and special power is found to go forward with the burden and responsibility of the war? This has been much on my heart of late; and what I write will be simply the letter of one comrade to another on the subject of what seems to my own soul to be its most important need.

In writing something of special seasons of prayer and supplication, I would not be guilty of underrating the daily, yes, hourly, communion, when continued fuel is added to the fire, to increase the steady glowing flame that must shine "more and more unto the perfect day." It is not this daily help of which I am thinking now, but rather these experiences that will so arouse the soul to its need, that the daily blessing and help will be sought, not simply as a duty, but as an actual necessity. I was talking with a promising young fellow a few days ago about his duty as an out-and-out follower of his Lord; but his only excuse was that he could not become anxious to live a deeply spiritual life. As I thought much over his case, I said, "Nothing but a great awakening, a mighty outpouring, will move such a man. Fiery floods from heaven must deluge and melt the feelings of his soul and quicken the energies of his nature. That Young man's spirit was irresponsible to the attractions of a cross-bearing life, because his was a prayerless one.

How may we expect these special seasons of refreshing to come? Not as some of the old divines insisted, just whenever and wherever God decrees they shall come, independent of the proportion or desire of our prayer. It was not thus with

### That First Great Outpouring

of His Spirit that followed so closely the outpouring of His precious Blood. There was desire then; there was agonizing; there was waiting and believing, and so, of course, there was receiving then. And it is the same today.

Of late those experiences of our Lord alone on the mountain through the long, dark hours of the night, have loomed up before me with peculiar fascination. All those heroes who have followed Him and who carried forward the war against sin which He began, have reflected very largely His "plan of campaign." Could we not, as leaders in this conflict, create a veritable hunger and thirst among our people as well as in our own hearts, for more half-nights of definite following of our great Example.

Paul and Barnabas could not leave Antioch on their first great missionary journey till after that season of fasting and prayer with the brethren, when the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Paul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have called them." Has not the Holy Ghost made similar revelations in some of our own great seasons of prayer when comrades have gathered to wait upon God? And will He not repeat the message if the same conditions are met? I am sure that He will! Why should not every soldier's meeting and holiness meeting become a spiritual coaling-station? Perhaps they would, had we only stopped at the large coaling-station as individuals, waiting there till the fire from heaven sent its light and flame into every secret corner of the soul.

The world is expecting the Army to be what God doubtless raised us up to be—not only the hope of the outcast—but also the people who must unfurl the banner of holiness and

### Lift it Higher

before the gaze of every eye. Is earth and heaven to be disappointed? God forbid! But there is only one hope and one help; and that is our coming, and coming often, to wait before God with open hearts to receive the revelation of our own needs and the needs of those to whom we are sent. What might not follow, were we to start in afresh for the holiest, happiest and most desperate winter's warfare that we have ever known—provided, that this desperate struggle is preceded by a good, long stop, at heaven's great coaling-station?

Oh, how my soul cries out for such a season of prayer and the certain results that must follow—in saving and sanctifying and soldier-making of thousands who now are sitting "idle in the market-place because no man hath hired them." Let eternal claims ask us to enlist them in our Army, to be made into heroes and heroines of the skies. And yet I repeat it, for all Christian history confirms the statement, that the most daring, desperate spiritual effort will but be time and talent wasted, unless it is accompanied by that power which comes from constant waiting upon God in prayer.

Afflictions are but the shadow of His wing.

## Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire's Self-Denial Tour.

The special meetings at St. John have already been reported. The P. O.'s next appointment was

Fredericton.

The first meeting on the program was the officers' council, attended by 18 Officers Cadets and Candidates. It was truly an inspiring time. God came near. The Holy Spirit was poured out. The officers wished the P. O. to convey to the Commissioner their loyalty and love, and also expressed a desire for the P. O. to give their love to the comrade-officers throughout the Province. Truly this was a beautiful spirit.

At night the large barracks was filled. Mrs. Pugmire sang and spoke, and officers of the district testified, also the Brigadier did his share.

Following this was a bean supper, at which about 200 sat down.

Later, at 10:30 the P. O. met the soldiers, the theme being Self-Denial. How beautifully they received their letters and cards. It was lovely to witness the beautiful spirit manifested. Self-Denial is alright at Fredericton, under the leadership of Adj. and Mrs. McLean and Capt. Lamont.

A Methodist minister, a warm friend of the Army, was present throughout, and he finished up by caressing the P. O. and giving him his blessing.



Brigadier Pugmire and the Minister Caressing Each Other.

The six Cadets are being well looked after in the Garrison. The P. O. had a "personal" with each of them.

Yarmouth follows, and what a welcome the P. O. and Mrs. Pugmire received here. A fine crowd gathered for the Saturday night's meeting. It was one of the old-fashioned kind of meetings with lots of glory and blessing thrown in. One dear woman came to God and received pardon. She was saved and on the platform on the Sunday.

We had a good start at knee-drill, two dozen being present. It was one of those hallowed, melting knee-drills. "Calvary" was the theme, and as we gathered round His cross hearts were deeply stirred. It was good to be there. Two surrendered in the holiness meeting, and the afternoon was a

### "Sun-Shiny" Meeting.

"Let a little sunshine in," sang the P. O. and Mrs. Pugmire, followed with a soul-stirring talk.

The soldiers were gathered together in the Junior Hall at the close of the afternoon meeting to consider S.-D. In response to the P. O.'s appeal every soldier present promised to do what they could by standing to their feet. Adj. and Mrs. Miller and Capt. Green will reach their target, if that noble body of devoted men and women carry out their promise. The spirit of the corps is grand. Much unity exists, and we predict a good winter's work.

The night meeting was glorious. A magnificent crowd gathered. What conviction! Soldiers stuck to their knees like "good uns." Three came to the Cross. God bless Yarmouth, and may its soldiers live long and die happy.—Soldier Boy.

### WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our various Rescue Homes. The Field Commissioner will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following addresses:—

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 918 Yonge St., [Ave. LONDON S. Ont.—Staff Captain Cowan, Riverview St. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Jost 65 Elliot Row. MONTREAL.—Adjutant Holman, 243 St. Antoine St. HALIFAX, N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 40 Hollis St. OTTAWA.—Adjutant McDonald, 706 Wellington St. ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Ensign Towell, 20 Cook St. HAMILTON.—Adjutant Jordan, 119 Wentworth St. SPOKANE, Wash.—Adj. Langtry, 782 Fourth Ave. HELENA, Mont.—Adj. Walton, 532 Breckinridge St. WINNIPEG Man.—Mrs. Major Jewer, 488 Yonge St.

—OR TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT ST., TORONTO.



### East Ontario Province.

By ENSIGN SIMS.

St. Albans has done well. Local



Agents Brewster and Ferguson have beat all previous records. \$10.46 was their total collection for the quarter. Next quarter will be better.

Mrs. Barber, of Burlington, is a hustler and no mistake. Her quarter's collection nearly doubled the previous one. The meeting was good also, and brought in \$11.20. Capt. Downey knows how to work up a special go.

Capt. Patten acted as L. A. for Newport, and did just fine. Her boxes brought in more this quarter than any quarter for the past two years. Good for Patten.

St. Johnsbury is a new corps, but Local Agent Porter made a good beginning with \$2. Stick to it, my lad, and you may be champion yet. God crowned our meeting with one soul in the Fountain. Capt. McNaney is at the helm.

Bro. Scruton is Superintendent of all G. B. M. in Montreal. He is getting the affair into shape. \$3.50 increase for first quarter shows how its going to be in the future. Two souls were saved at the meeting at Montreal II.

Ensign Parker is Local Agent for Quebec, and made an increase of nearly \$7 on his previous collection.

The G. B. M. in the Province is in a healthy condition and the future is all right.

Out of my band of Local Agents the Field is getting some officers. Two are already in Garrison, and another half-dozen are soon to be ready.

Who hasn't heard of the Hallelujah Dutchman and wife—L. A. for Lakefield? They are still at it, and work faithfully.

## Save the Stumblers.

One of the most blessed offices of Christ-like religion is to take stumbling blocks out of the people's way. Another is to help up those who have tumbled down over them. "Brethren," said the great Apostle, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." The plain English of this command is, if a fellow-creature has fallen into sin and shame, then, instead of leaving him there, wounded and half dead, stop and help him up. Play the good Samaritan to him. If he has been tripped by a strong temptation don't jeer at him or cast the condemning stone. However low and disgraceful his fall, give him a lift by your prayers and counsel and support, and perhaps his "feet and ankle bones may receive strength."—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

### G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

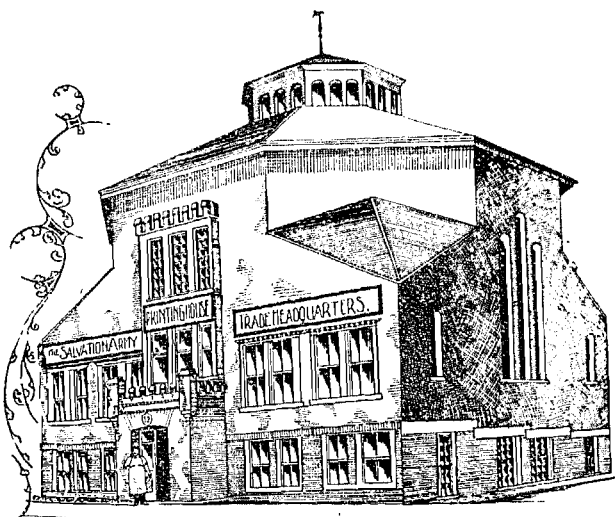
ENSIGN COLLIER.—Brussels, Dec. 1; Attwood, Dec. 2; Listowel, Dec. 3; Palmerston, Dec. 5; Drayton, Dec. 6, 7; Guelph, Dec. 8, 9; Galt, Dec. 10, 11; Berlin, Dec. 12, 13; Hespeler, Dec. 14, 15; Paris, Dec. 16.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.—Edmonton, Dec. 2, 3, 4, 5; Calgary, Dec. 6, 7; Lethbridge, Dec. 9-13; Moose Jaw, Dec. 14; Whitewood, Dec. 15, 16; Moosomin, Dec. 17, 18.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Billings, Dec. 1, 2; Sheridan, Dec. 3, 4, 5; Big Timber, Dec. 6; Manhattan, Dec. 8; Townsend, Dec. 9; Casete, Dec. 10, 11; White Sulphur, Dec. 12, 13; Wichart, Dec. 14; Baker, Dec. 15; Belt, Dec. 16; Great Falls, Dec. 17, 18.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Parry Sound, Dec. 3, 4; North Bay, Dec. 5; Stobie, Dec. 6; Coppercliff, Dec. 7; Sudbury, Dec. 8, 9; North Bay, Dec. 10, 11; Elmsdale, Dec. 12; Novar, Dec. 13; Portage, Dec. 14.





THE OLD PRINTING HOUSE, NOW TORN DOWN.

## Music and Song.

### Take Them Away from the Devil.

By W. F. F.

In all ages of the world, music has been recognized as a great power. Like the wind, its effects are decided by circumstances. The same wind that carries one vessel towards its desired haven, hurries another onward towards the rocks.

A lad leaves his country home, his parents, brothers, sisters, companions, and associates, to enter the busy hum of city life. No sooner does he start on his new career than two influences, like two powerful magnets commence to act, each seeking to bring him within its grasp. On the one hand there is the saloon, the music hall, the dancing room, the theatre, each having a tendency to drag him downwards. The power for evil being increased ten-fold by the aid of music.

On the other hand the saving influences of the Gospel, exert its power to lead him to a high and noble life. This, too, augments its power ten-fold by the assistance of music. His future destiny may depend upon the stand he takes at this juncture. Shall we allow the devil to have all the advantage of the attracting power of music, to carry on its work of wholesale destruction, and refuse or neglect to seize this powerful weapon to defeat his purpose? Will there be any music in hell? Do we not read that there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth? While in heaven will be harps of gold and the songs of the redeemed? Nay, we will recover this mighty force out of the hands of the Usupper, and use it to the utmost to overthrow him and his kingdom.

Now, let us consider for a few moments the various directions in which the power of music is manifested.

1.—It is of great service as an attraction.

As the Lord Jesus was about to depart into heaven He gave the following charge to His disciples: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

If this command implied anything, it signified that the disciples were to do all that lay in their power, and use every lawful method to reach "every creature" with the Gospel message, and if music would help in this direction, they were in duty bound to bring its services into requisition.

2.—Music exerts a melting influence on those who come under its power.

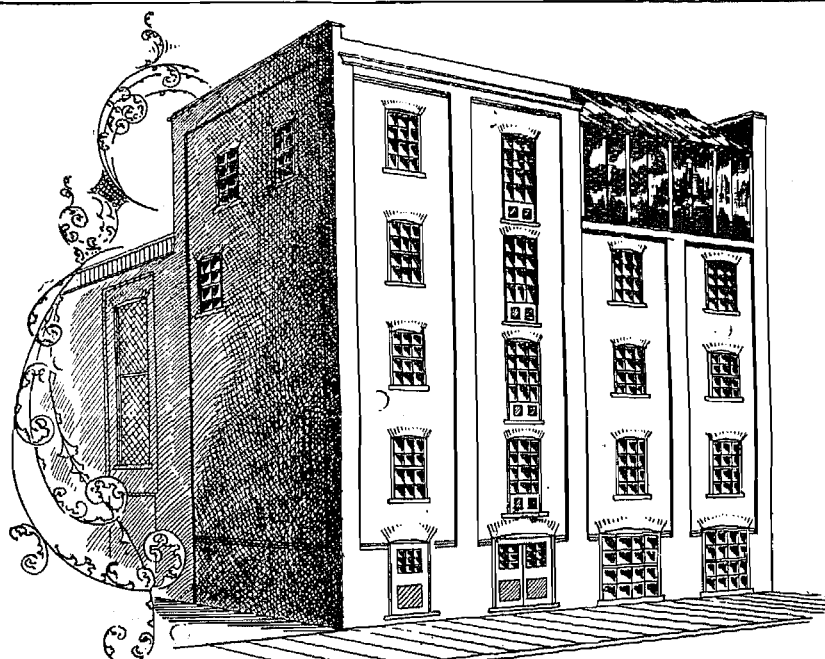
See the blacksmith take that cold piece of iron which he desires to bring to a certain shape. Does he hammer away at it in its cold state? Nay. By so doing he would make very little impression. He puts it into the fire till it is red-hot, and then, taking it out, lays it on the anvil, and in that state every stroke of his hammer tells with wonderful effect.

Music is a fire which heats the iron, so to speak, of the human heart, and brings it into such a state that the Gospel hammer will be able to make the desired impression on it when applied.

The farmer does not sow his seed on the hard, unworked ground. He brings his horses out, turns over the sod with the plough, breaks it to pieces with the harrow, presses it together with the roller, forms it into trenches with the droll, and so prepares it to receive the seed. Thus the power of music is manifested in preparing the heart and laying it open for the reception of the Gospel seed.

3.—The power of music is also seen in the effect it has of sending home the words that are being sung to the hearts of the hearers. It is the truths

conveyed by the words that perform the good. If music stops short here—if there is nothing to follow—if the hammer is not applied to the heated iron—or the seed sown in the prepared soil—if the medicine has not been taken by the sick child whose mouth with some difficulty has been opened, no good will be accomplished. Of what service would an arrow be which consisted of all feathers and no point, or bait with no hook. So music must



THE NEW TRADE DEPT. ADDITION TO THE TEMPLE.

have a point, a hook to take hold of the consciences of the hearers. Provided, however there is a point, a hook, the Gospel seed, the hammer of conviction, and salvation physic to follow, music will be a great power to drive it home.

4.—The power of music is also manifested, not only in driving the truths home to the heart and conscience, but in fastening them there.

A difficulty that many have after talking, at the expense of a great deal of effort, cod liver oil, is how to keep it down. To effect this they take some preparation with the oil. Music is a good preparation to keep down salvation physic. How many have heard a song that has taken hold of them and made a lasting impression, which, were it not for the music would soon have passed away and been forgotten.

(To be continued.)

#### No Fear of Panic.

"He seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law." This was the experience of Lot when he was pleading with them to escape from the fast approaching fire and brimstone.

One of the Cleveland theatres caught fire this week while full of people, and one of the actors in his effort to inform the people of their danger without causing a panic, put it in a way that made the audience think that it was a practical joke and they applauded, and it was only after some effort that he could induce them to take it serious and make their escape from the burning building. Is not this often the way that the ungodly treat the warning to "flee from the wrath to come?"

Comrades, we need not be afraid of making a panic by telling the unsaved of their danger. Would to God that we could make a regular panic on soul-saving lines.—O. K. Review.

## Picked Up.

### The Typographical Error.

A minister, who has sometimes expressed his amazement that the mistakes in proofreading should escape the eye of the editors of the Congregationalist, prepared and had printed an elaborate program for an Easter service. His feelings may be imagined when he read this line in the closing hymn:

"Jesus resigns and heaven rejoices."

The minister knows now how much mischief one letter is capable of when it gets into the wrong place.—The Congregationalist.

### The Red Hand.

In the old Crusading days there were knights of the order called the "Red Hand" order. Our privilege is to be "Knights of the Red Hand" too, in remembrance of those bleeding Hands nailed to the tree of Calvary, the hands of Him who in His body bore the brunt of our offences on the Cross—"wounded for our transgressions."—Social Sittings.

### S. A. Reading Room.

The Salvation Army's good work is already in evidence by the establishment of a public reading room, in the barracks on the Bowery. This departure had been deemed necessary as a place where comfort may be obtained



There are said to be 300,000 blind persons in Europe.

Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

The Halifax police made 2,443 arrests for the year ending 1st November.

The railways of the world carry over 40,000,000 passengers weekly.

Of the 51,000 breweries estimated to be in the world, 26,000 are in Germany.

Live in a thankful spirit, and you will find more and more to be thankful for.

The largest organ in the world is in the Cathedral of Seville, Spain. It has 53 pipes and 110 stops.

At least one-third of all the people in middle life have one ear affected by deafness.

It is estimated that of the whole population of the globe, about 90,000 die every day.

It is calculated that in moving about from one place to another, the people of Great Britain spend about £150,000 a day.

The world's annual consumption of ivory is estimated at something like 1,500,000 pounds, valued at \$4,500,000, and to supply this amount 70,000 elephants must be killed.

It is said that if the "voice" of an elephant was as loud in proportion as that of a nightingale, his trumpeting could be heard around the world.

The Pacific ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, and the Mediterranean Sea 1,000,000.

The people of the United States drink about 25,000,000 bushels of grain annually. They do not exactly take it in the form of grain.

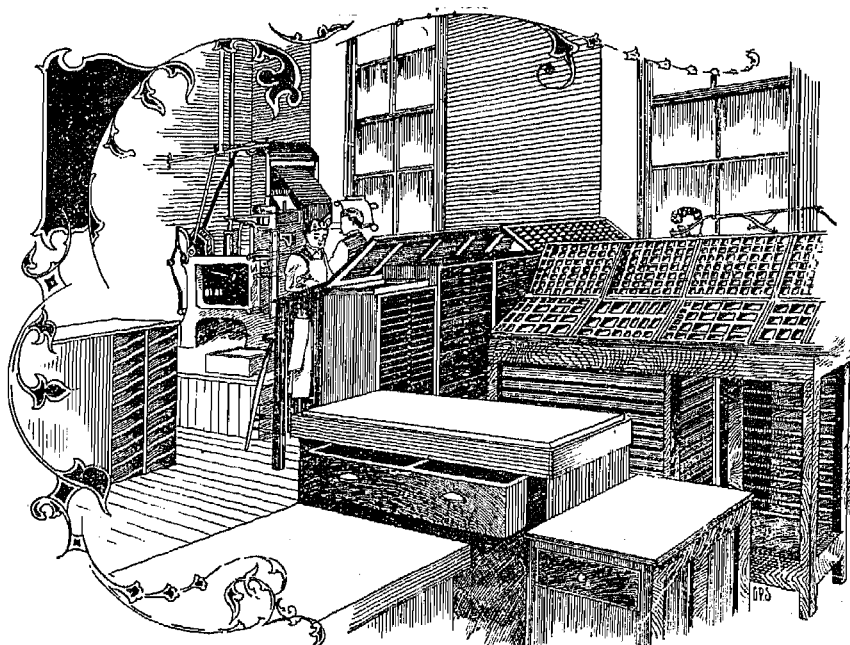
The Japanese always bury their dead with the head to the north, and for this reason no Japanese will sleep with his head in that position.

The latest Government census in India shows 6,016,759 girls between five and nine years of age, who are already married, of whom 170,000 have become widows.

The number of stars visible to the naked eye is less than six thousand. The number of stars visible through the largest telescopes is probably not less than one hundred million.

The most active volcano in the world is Mount Sangay, 17,190 feet high, situated on the eastern chain of the Andies, South America. It has been in constant eruption since 1728, and the sound of the explosions is sometimes heard at Quito, a distance of 150 miles, 267 having been counted in an hour.

Nearly 750,000 letters handled by the English postal system last year were so illegibly dated and addressed that they could be neither delivered nor returned to the writers. The letters undelivered for various reasons, but returned to the senders, were very numerous, and they had enclosures all told to the value of £500,000.



COMPOSITOR'S ROOM.

## A Brave Confession.

The lecture hall was crowded. Every word  
The orator was uttering was heard  
In that deep silence far more eloquent  
Than all the noisiest plaudets of assent.  
And he whose silvery tones that list'n-  
ing concourse swayed,  
In thrilling tones and earnest accents  
bade  
His hearers for life's woes find sure  
relief  
In giving up their childhood's fond be-  
lief.  
God, heaven, Christ, he scornfully de-  
nied,  
Nor feared each sacred object to de-  
ride.

Now, though it seemed his hearers all  
agreed,  
One heart, at least, against the barren  
creed  
Was stirred to indignation, deep and  
true.  
Close to the lecturer and right in view  
Of that vast crowd, a young mechanic  
sat,  
And drank in all the tide of burning  
words. Oft had he heard  
The story of the Cross and had been  
stirred  
With love and longing in his soul to  
feel  
The power and presence of a love so  
real.  
Yet weak his faith, his soul still held  
aloft,  
Nor dared to put Christ's promise to  
the proof.

At last the lecturer in tones of triumph  
cried:  
"Is there before me one so weak, so  
blind,  
As still to cherish in his inmost mind—  
Enlightened now by reason's brighter  
ray—  
Faith in that tale which long since  
had its day,  
Of that poor Jewish workman crucified,  
Whom His deluded followers defied,  
Say, is there one? Nay, I believe you  
all  
Forever freed from superstitious thrall.

The lecturer paused, and for one min-  
ute seemed  
That not a ray of light upon his gloom-  
held audience gleamed.  
Then that young man who felt the  
Gospel true,  
Though little of its inward power he  
knew,  
Rose with stern aspect to confess the  
Name  
Of Him whose love he ventured not to  
claim.  
But as upon a stormcloud's threaten-  
ing frown,  
The summer rays oft suddenly glance  
down,  
So on his troubled heart a sudden  
light—  
Filling his soul with tremulous de-  
light—  
Flashed as he caught a whisper—  
sweet, divine—  
"Thou hast confessed Me; lo, I seal  
thee Mine."  
As though the tide of joy had left him  
drunk,  
The words he fain would speak refused  
to come.  
For one brief instant he was seen to  
stand,  
With upward gesture of his workworn  
hand,  
Then he resumed his seat 'mid echo-  
ing cheers,  
To hide his face, now wet with happy  
tears.

With polished words of irony in vain  
The lecturer strove attention to regain.  
The spell was broken and his power  
was gone,  
A nobler, purer light on all had shone,  
And some there were who on their  
homeward way  
Inly resolved again to turn and pray;  
While he went forth in peace with  
pardon crowned,  
Whose brave confession had such honor  
found.

## According to His Glory.

By LILLIE I. BRYENTON.

A passage from His Word, to which  
my attention was especially called  
yesterday, while reading in "The Inner  
Life," by F. B. Meyer, set going in  
me a train of thought which made me  
read and read over and over again in  
wondering amazement that wonderful  
prayer of St. Paul, Eph. iii. 14-21. "Ac-  
cording to the riches of His glory."  
Again I read it. Am I mistaken? Does  
He really mean it? May I, a weak  
child, be strengthened with might "ac-  
cording to the riches of His glory?"  
Those wonderful riches! I have just  
been reading and thinking of His  
wealth. "God has so much He can  
afford to be prodigal of His wealth."

And I am really His child and can be  
strengthened according to the riches of  
His grace. Oh, wondrous truth! My  
precious Jesus, it is Thou who hast  
made this possible to me!

Perhaps you, dear reader, have been  
thinking of your own weakness. Per-  
haps there may be in your soul some  
sin which unconsciously has sent its  
fibre root into the fruitful soil of your  
heart, and has been drawing secretly  
the strength from your soul. Undis-  
covered truly it was until some open  
sin has drawn your attention to it and  
made you sorrowfully wonder how

Jesus could have so patiently borne  
with you. Does the thought of the  
sigh from the heart of the Man of  
Sorrows draw tears from your eyes?  
Does the look of reproof melt your  
heart, while the crowning look of pa-  
tient love and tenderness so fill your  
soul with humble contrition as you  
once more gaze earnestly at those  
hands, battered and nail-marked from  
which slowly drops the life-blood, that  
dear brow from which trickles that  
crimson stream, that side from which  
gushes the mingled stream which  
stands as an atonement for your guilt  
—does a fountain of tears start from

your own eyes? Remember, dear one,  
He sees, He knows, He now looks lov-  
ingly at the fruit of the travail of His  
soul and is satisfied. Now, now be  
strong. It is an almighty though a  
scarred hand that raises you. It is a  
deliverer's voice bids you "Go in peace  
and sin no more." It's a Father heart,  
the depth of whose love arc angels  
have never been able to fathom, who  
bids you depend on Him for every  
moment's strength. Let us together  
breathe to His Throne this prayer:  
"Father, in utter helplessness I would  
lose myself in the ocean of Thy loving  
strength, that every avenue of nature  
being filled with the power of Thy  
Spirit's power, I may from this mo-  
ment so walk that the world may see  
no longer me, but Jesus, doing in my  
flesh the will of the Father alone."

## Weathering the Storm.

B. CAPT. J. MERCER.

It was in the fall of 1894, when we  
started on our voyage for home. We  
had a very successful summer, and  
with the prospects of soon meeting  
our friends, we were all in good spirits.  
But it was getting late on Saturday  
evening, and there was every appear-  
ance of a stormy night. Our skipper  
thought it best to put into harbor till  
Monday morning.

Well does the writer remember, when  
we had cast anchor, and all were  
seated around the "boag" (stove) in  
the fore-cabin, how we enjoyed our-  
selves, each one singing a song or tell-  
ing a story, little thinking what expe-  
rience was ahead of us.

Sunday, October 10th, was a day  
when many a home in Newfoundland  
was robbed of its bread-winner. The  
wind which had been blowing from the  
south-east had changed to the north-  
west, and blew a perfect hurricane.

To leeward of us, about a mile off,  
was an island. At the north and  
south ends was a passage between the  
island and main land, where, in moder-  
ate weather, a vessel could go through  
safely, but now a white sea,

### Running Mountains High.

made it impossible to escape by either  
passage.

Our vessel, which was called the  
Fanny Gray, commenced to drift to-  
wards the island, where, if she had  
drove, most of us would have met  
certain death. To save us from drift-  
ing we cut our mainmast overboard at  
4 p.m., but we still continued to drift.  
At 8 p.m. we also cut our foremast  
overboard, at the same time a vessel  
which was anchored further in harbor,  
broke adrift and drove across our bow  
parting our vessel's bows and two  
chains. I remember well the crash  
and the choking feelings at the time.  
I heard someone shout

### "We are Gone this Time."

I tried to pray for the first time in my  
life, but my prayers did not seem to  
rise above the deck. Truly the prayers  
of the wicked are an abomination to  
the Lord.

We did not drive on the island, how-  
ever, as we expected. One chain and  
anchor held us all night with the as-  
sistance of a shore line from a neigh-  
boring vessel. Many were the vows  
and promises made to God that night,  
but in most of the cases those vows  
were never performed.

There will no doubt be some readers  
who have experienced the same storm.  
Allow me to ask you especially, have  
you fulfilled your vows. Remember  
that the one chain and anchor held us  
from drifting when the others failed.  
Just so, dear reader, by cutting away  
from the world and its entanglements,  
God's mighty chain can hold us in the  
greatest storm.

## DOINGS

Of the League of Mercy in Halifax

A very pleasant and profitable time  
was spent at the Rescue Home on  
Monday evening, 7th inst., on the oc-  
casion of the farewelling of Ensign  
Beckstead, who is leaving us for a  
few months.

After tea we had a meeting in which  
all the members took part and testi-  
fied to being well saved and in for  
victory.

The reports from the prisons and  
hospitals were very satisfactory, the  
inmates being very pleased to see us  
and to receive the War Cry. Several  
of the prisoners have asked an interest  
in our prayers, and we are believing  
for definite results in the near future.  
During the Ensign's absence we mean  
by God's help to march and sing



**WHY** the 1898 Special Christmas  
Number of the War Cry  
will be a Record Breaker.



**Miss Booth**

Will contribute  
an excellent  
article...

"Now and  
Then."



**The General**

will have a  
striking  
contribution,  
with unique  
illustrations.

1. A Splendid Colored Cover.

2. Best Workmanship

In Regard to Engraving and Letter-  
press.

3. Good Material

Slightly Tinted Paper; Fine Ink.

4. Artistic Illustrations

On every page.

5. Excellent Reading

32 pages without a single advertise-  
ment.

### OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS:

"THE WHITE-HAIRED BOY,"

By Brigadier Complin.

"WANDERING WILL,"

By Brigadier Gaskin.

"AFLOAT AND ASHORE,"

By Brigadier Mrs. Read.

"A GHOST STORY," by (?)

"LILIES AND ONIONS," By Adjutant Page.

"DON'T MONKEY," By Major Southall.

"LAMPASAS JAKE," Wild West Story.

"THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS."

"FIELD OFFICERS' OYSTER BED,"

"SOCIAL JAM TARTS,"

A NOVEL SERVICE of SONG,

etc., etc., etc.

ARTICLES ALSO EXPECTED

from

Commissioner McKie,  
Commissioner Nicol,  
Colonel Jacobs,  
Colonel Holland,  
Lieut. Colonel Margetts,  
Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips,  
and others.



## Never Before...

not in all the record of the excellent special issues of the War Cry has there been contemplated such a unique

### Christmas War Cry

as we are getting now ready for 1898.

Just focus your percepticles on this list:—

- Finely - colored lithographed cover;
- Striking and original design on it;
- Thirty-six pages of the usual size;
- Numerous and artistic illustrations;
- Bright, cheerful and helpful reading;
- Original contributions from the best writers;
- An excellent article by the Field Commissioner, entitled, "The Bridal Day."
- Interesting contents for officers, and soldiers, friends and foes, rich and poor, Christians and sinners, believers and backsliders, in short, everybody.

"How much? Fifty cents?" Oh, no! Only TEN cents!!



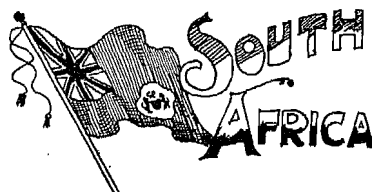
The following are some important British appointments: Lieut.-Colonel Lamb, Governor of the Land Colony and Chief Secretary for the Men's Social; Lieut.-Colonel Richards, to take command of the Army in Denmark; Lieut.-Colonel Ogrim, to the Northern Province; Colonel Wilson, to be Secretary for Trade Affairs; Colonel Wright, to the Southern Province; Brigadier Hammond, to the Midland Province.

Mrs. Booth will visit Scotland shortly. Meetings are being arranged for both in Glasgow and Edinburgh for the second week in December.

Among those who interviewed the General last week, was a rising American journalist. He afterwards dressed up as a Hooligan, and attended the weekly Hooligan meeting, and fearlessly allowed himself to spend the early hours of the morning in the company of one of these gentry. He also interviewed two slum officers next day, and inspected our City Colony.

Commissioned Pollard, the Chancellor of I. H. Q., sits on no less than thirteen boards, and is more alive to-day than ever.

Three Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) are giving up the whole of their Christmas furlough for the purpose of specialising in Colonel Eadie's Province.



Commissioner Ridsdel has had exciting times amongst the Zulu Salvationists.

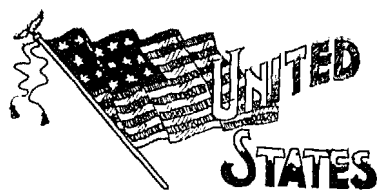
Both the Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdel have conducted victorious campaigns at East London and King William's Town.

Brigadier Howe has been seriously sick at Kimberley.

A new song book for the Native work is at present in the printers' hands. It will contain a choice selection of songs in Kaffir and Zulu, and should be a boon and a blessing to our native work.

Brigadier Wilmer has, on the Commissioner's behalf, applied to the Town Council for two plots of ground at Ridsdel and Fole locations, on which to build night shelters for the natives.

The new Almanac for 1899, which will be printed in seven colors, is nearing



Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker's Salvation Campaign in the Princess Rink, Chicago, scene of much spiritual awakening. Twenty-four souls were the visible result of the day.

The Consul's meeting in aid of the Rescue work in Chicago have made a brilliant start. \$350 were raised in the first church meeting.

The Consul's campaign for the same work in Philadelphia finished with \$1,000 raised for the Women's Social operations.

During the first year's work of the three Workmen's Hotels, of Chicago, 175,796 beds were occupied, and 106,808 meals were served.



The largest corps in Sweden is Stockholm I, which has between 700 and 800 soldiers and recruits. Next comes Norrköping I, with 423; Gelle, with 358; Upsala, with 329; Jonköping, with 305. Corps under 300 and over 200 are Norrköping II, with 256; Stockholm III, with 254; Malmö, with 235; and Göteborg I, with 221. The largest number for a corps among the farming districts is Jarna, with 197 soldiers and recruits.

Work among the Laplanders in the northern part of Sweden is progressing nicely. It is a hard field on account of the cold climate and the terrible snowstorms. Most travelling is done on foot.

Major Schoch has been holding soul-stirring and helpful meetings on his tour through Sweden.



## "Many Physicians."

For years she had been afflicted with a painful disease. Oh, how she longed to be well and strong again! She tried her own doctor, and, when he could do nothing for her, she tried another, and another, and another; and wherever she heard of a likely cure, or a new physician, thither she went, till at last her money was all spent, and hope had died within her—for she was no better, but rather worse.

Then she heard of Jesus, the wonderful Healer—the God-man who could heal both soul and body.

She heard that, wherever He went, crowds followed Him, and that He laid His hands upon the poor, maimed, diseased ones that pressed around His feet, and in His Divine touch was life, and health, and healing.

It was her last chance. She had tried everything and everybody she had heard of, and all had failed. She would try this Jesus. You know the old, old story. You have seen pictures of her clinging timidly to the hem of His garment, and you have read how true He, the King of Glory, was to His promise. Virtue went out of Him, and she was healed.

Why do we tell you what you know so well? you ask. Why? In the hope that you may see in this poor, stricken soul a picture, a photograph, of your own soul. Oh, there are hundreds and thousands of diseased souls in the

Take a good look at our frontispiece this week, and you will see a few of the "many physicians" the poor souls go to for healing.

"Give me riches," cries one, "and I will be satisfied." "Yes," answers the devil, "that will make you all right—gold, gold, that is what you need."

"Pleasure, that is what I want," say others, and they try to heal their wounds and forget their pain in the theatre and ball-room, or drown their memory in drink.

And so they go on, vainly endeavoring to still their souls, and heal its wounds, by one diversion or another.

It is the old story over again, "many physicians." All her substance spent, and she worse, instead of better. Is that your case, my brother, my sister? Have you tried to heal your poor soul, and drown its clamors for rest and peace?

If you have, you will ere long prove the truth of the saying, "God made our souls for Himself, and only He can satisfy them."

"His touch has still its ancient power." He is as ready and willing, and able to heal to-day as He was eighteen hundred years ago. He stands waiting, waiting, ready, the very moment you do your part and come to Him asking for healing pardon. Sin has spread itself all over your soul; it is eating away its life and strength. You may forget the pain for a little. You may even find something that may lull you into forgetfulness for a time, but only for a time. Come to Jesus, the Great Physician. He who "healeth all thy diseases."—London

## The Commissioner at Buffalo.

(Special.)

THE MEETINGS OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, AT BUFFALO, WERE A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS. INTENSE INTEREST. CROWDS SAT SPELL-BOUND. MONDAY A REPETITION OF MASSEY HALL "MISS BOOTH IN RAGS." MUSIC HALL JAMMED AND THOUSANDS TURNED AWAY.—M.

## GLEANINGS

### FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

#### He Meant Business.

Ensign Cummins, P. A. for N.-W. Province, writes to Mrs. Major Smeaton of a beautiful case of conversion.

"We had a wonderful case of conversion at Minnedosa the other night, just after my graphophone service. He got up and went to the door and spit out his quid of tobacco, then to the stove and threw in two plugs and a package of tobacco and his pipe, also a pack of cards, then he came to the penitent form. God saved him; he gave a beautiful testimony afterwards."

#### A Purse Lost!

Lieut. Hearnes, of Montreal, lost her purse at Toronto, during the recent October meetings, she believes near Lippincott St. barracks. Has anyone found it, or heard of somebody having found it? Here is the Lieutenant's description of it:

"It contained over \$6 in money—a \$5 bill, a \$1 bill and some silver and coppers—also two keys, the flat key of my trunk, and small key of my typewriter case, as well as a number of addresses, and some clippings from newspapers, etc. It was a brown purse, when closed would fold together. I would give anyone who would return it \$1.

#### A Victim Provided.

The Atlanta Constitution has the following incident to record:

"During our absence from the office on last Wednesday evening," writes a rural editor, "some evil minded person, thinking that we was seated at our desk, fired a load of buckshot through our window. But, as a kind, protecting Providence would have it, the entire load was received by a stranger who was waiting for us in our office. There is no trace of the assassin, and at this writing the stranger, who so fortunately filled our place at the time, is too weak to talk. Thus is another midnight assassin foiled. The Lord will provide."

There are more people like this rural editor in this world, who think that the Lord runs the universe for their special benefit.

#### Another Case of Blister.

"I sent an article to the War Cry some months ago, but as it has not appeared in the Cry, I have come to the conclusion that it has either been consigned to the W. P. B., or my meat is too strong for the War Cry. If so, please let me know."

We would say there are two kinds of strong meat: (1) That which is excessively nutritious—of such we never receive too much, we always welcome it; (2) That which is strong because it offends the sense of smell—such is of no use for our purposes.



The Self-Denial total of this Territory is no less than \$127,500, upon which stupendous achievement Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth and their brave officer troops are to be congratulated.

An audience of 5,000, all of whom had paid admission, attended Mrs. Commandant Booth's Social Lecture in the Sydney Town Hall.

"The best shilling's-worth I ever had," said one of the many who attended and enjoyed the Commandant's



## Weekly Watchword:

## Witness for the Truth.

## Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.—HEAVEN'S WITNESS TO THE WORLD.

Matt. xxiv. 14.

Salvation's story is at once the evidence of God's hatred of sin and love for the sinner. Wherever it is told men's hearts are no longer ignorant of the attitude of Omnipotence towards them, nor of His purposes concerning them. The preaching of the Cross reveals the mind of God.

MONDAY.—CALLED TO BE WITNESSES.

Isaiah xlii. 8-12.

Upon all who have seen the wonderful works of God there rests the responsibility of witnessing. God owns us in the relationship of this privileged office and looks to our every act and word to fulfil it.

TUESDAY.—A CONDITION OF A CLEAN HEART.

Acts i. 8.

The disciples kept their blessing because they straightway put their feelings in their pockets and published it upon the housetops. They fulfilled the conditions of Christ to the letter. They prayed, they received, they witnessed. Hundreds of holiness backsliders can be traced to a failure of the latter. Confession confirms the gift received and magnifies it.

WEDNESDAY.—NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

John i. 6-8.

This was the keynote of the witnessing of John. A faithful witness to whom is entrusted a great message, cannot be other than an unselfish one. If you are going to be an effectual confessor of Christ's cross you must get behind it. Lose yourself in the declaring of your Master.

THURSDAY.—THE WORKS OF CHRIST WITNESS TO THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

John v. 36.

Even Christ declared not Himself. It was His works that testified to His Divine mission. If you want to convince men of the eternal truth, your life must reveal the evidences of His power. It is in a religion of daily uprightness that the poor, unsatisfied world is forced sooner or later to believe. Do your actions speak as loud as your words?

FRIDAY.—CHRIST, THE WITNESS-ER'S PATTERN.

I Timothy vi. 13.

Although Christ's ministry was so essentially one of works, when the time came He spoke clearly, decisively and fearlessly. "He could not deny Himself." With cruelty waiting to catch His words, injustice anxious to condemn, crucifixion in front of Him, Christ gave utterance to the confession which sealed His doom and the salvation of the world. Before your own tribunals, how are you confessing?

SATURDAY.—WITNESSING ESSENTIAL.

Acts xiv. 17.

God must and will have witnesses. If all men should forsake the Cross which they have pledged themselves to confess, God would raise from the very stones or foliage evidences of His person and work. Never think that because your voice has ceased to sing the story of redeeming love that it will go unsung. If you refuse to bear your testimony, God will have to raise up somebody to take your place.

## POINTERS.

The religion of Jesus Christ is imparted into us to enjoy, not to endure.

Just remove the arm of law, and unregenerated human nature will break every commandment in the decalogue; but Jesus says, "If a man love Me he will keep My words."

The fundamental principle of the salvation of Jesus Christ is love, the most

It is as easy and as natural for a truly sanctified soul to serve God in the beauty of holiness, as it is to breathe.

We often hear the remark that cleanliness is next to godliness; but experience teaches that they go together, and as inseparable as faith and obedience.

To avoid sinful thoughts, keep the mind so busy with good ones that evil will be crowded out. "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, for to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If you sow whiskey you will reap drunkenness and its bitter consequences. If you plough iniquity and sow wickedness you will reap eternal damnation.—Walter Scott, Guelph.

## OPEN-AIR WORK

SUGGESTIONS BY BISHOP TAYLOR

**R**EAD OVER YOUR COMMISSION: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you. And, lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world. Amen." Then reassure yourself, your faith, by a little Gospel logic, thus: 1. Am I an ambassador of Christ? 2. Do I obey the orders of the Master, teaching them to observe whatsoever He has commanded? 3. The conclusion: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

For what purpose is He with me? Is it not to speak through his unworthy ambassador, to apply the word immediately to the hearts of the hearers, and to save now such as will come unto Him? In your own mind and conduct, lay these promises in the streets, and the conclusion will apply as logically and as certainly to preaching in the streets, as within consecrated walls. Let the argument be accompanied by an "unction of the Holy One" prompting you to say, "The love of Christ constraineth us" to "go out" to seek the lost, and preach to those who most need it. Then ACT UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF YOUR COMMISSION upon your own convictions of duty. Consult no man as to whether or not you should do your duty. You may inquire, if need be, where in the streets the greatest number of the "creatures" to whom you are sent, may be congregated, and what is the best hour of the day to get the best hearing, but to consult whether or not you should "go out" is, first

## Wrong in Principle,

because Jesus says "GO," and thus fastens the obligation upon you, unless the condition of your health, or other providential bar, should operate to limit your obligation to preaching in the church; and, secondly, you will find in every place some excellent men who will argue the inexpediency of street preaching in that place, and will thereby weaken your faith and purposes,

and commit themselves to the negative of the question against you.

## How to Prepare.

You should have clear perceptions of the leading principles and facts you wish to announce. Let your propositions be briefly stated in simple, appropriate language, and your principles be clearly defined. If you wish to employ arguments let them be short, practical and to the point. Illustrate the truth aptly, and apply it promptly and pointedly as you proceed. Draw your illustrations from the every day transactions and occurrences of life, as did the Saviour and His apostles. Make it a point at all times to gather up and store away suitable illustrations of Bible truth from the streets, from the newspapers, hospitals, prisons and from your visitation.

Fresh Facts from Personal Observation.

are much better in their effect than borrowed ones or second-hand stories. Do not confine yourself so closely to any system or arrangement of your sermon as to prevent your seizing and laying under contribution all the incidents of the occasion, which may serve to illustrate your subject.

These spontaneous illustrations seized impromptu and skillfully applied can hardly fail of a good effect upon the audience. If you will bear with me I will give you just here a few illustrations of this point. One Sunday afternoon, in 1853, preaching on the Long Wharf, and wishing to illustrate the distinction between a decent, well-behaved sinner outwardly, and a violent outbreking sinner, I remarked, after stating the point, "Gentlemen, I stand on what I suppose to be a cask of brandy. Keep it tightly bunged and spiled, and it is entirely harmless, and answers some very good purposes, it even makes a very good pulpit, but draw that spile and fifty men will lie down here and drink up its spirit and then wallow in the gutter, and before ten o'clock to-night will carry sorrow and desolation to the hearts of fifty families. So that man there trying to urge his horse through the audience (all eyes were turned from the cask to the man) if he had kept his mouth shut we might have supposed him a very decent fellow, but finding the street blocked up with this living mass of humanity,

## He Drew the Spile,

when out gurgled the most profane oaths and curses, but while there is now all the difference between outwardly moral and outbreking sinners, as between tightly bunged and an open cask of brandy, I would invite your attention to a time when there will be no material difference between them. Should you attempt to get this harmless cask of brandy through the Custom House the Inspector would pay no regard to the outside appearance or separate value of the cask, he would exact the bung, let down his phial and draw out and smell its contents, and shake his head, mark it

## Contraband.

My friends, God has a great Custom House through which every man has to pass for inspection before he can be admitted into His Kingdom. When you are entered for examination do you imagine that the great Omniscient Inspector will pay any regard to your

outside appearance or conduct. Nay, my dear friends, he will sound the inner depths of your souls. All who are filled with the Spirit of Christ will be passed and treasured up as meet for the Master's use; but all who have not the love of God shed abroad in their hearts will be pronounced contraband, and branded eternally with, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

## Truths Well Clothed.

"A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart."—Adison.

"The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe."—Dryden.

I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.—George Elliot.

Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good actions; try to use ordinary situations.—Richter.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simply integrity in another.—Colton.

What right have we to pry into the secrets of others? True or false, the tale that is gabbled to us, what concern is it of ours?—Bulwer.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—Herbert.

It is the mind that makes the body rich; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.—Shakespeare.

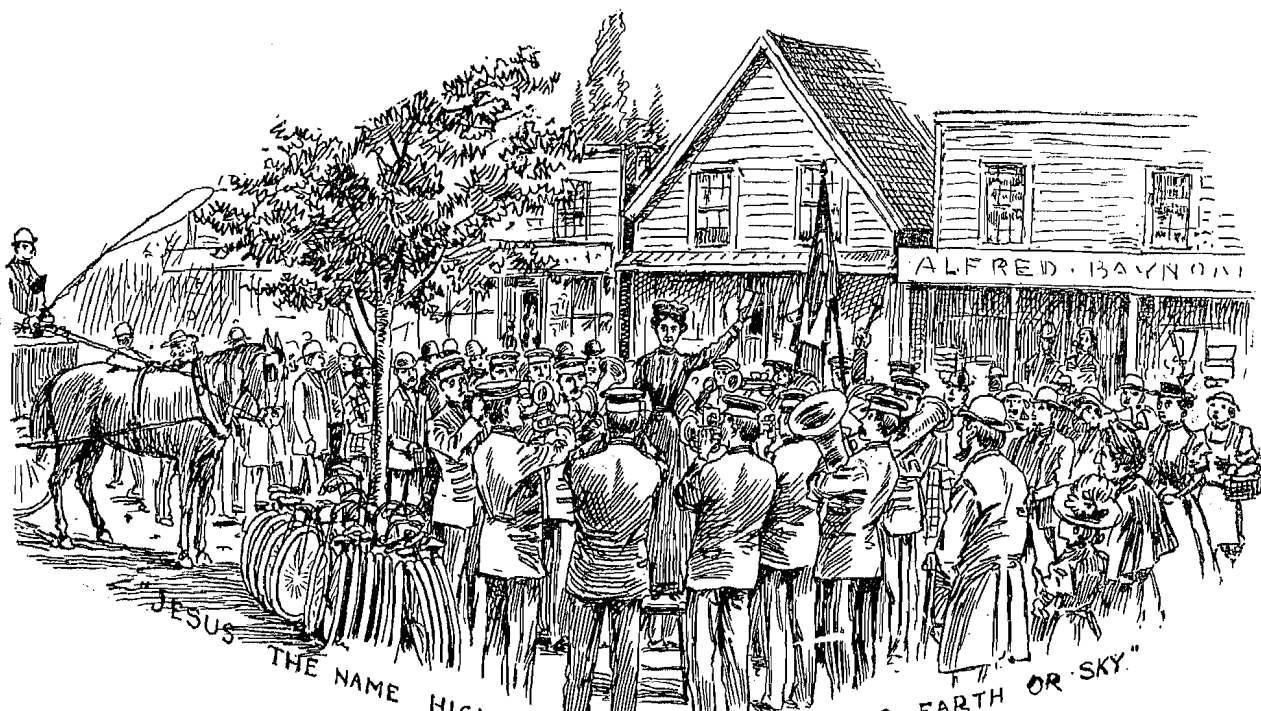
A good newspaper and a Bible in every house, a good schoolhouse in every district, and a church in every neighborhood, all appreciated as they deserve, are the chief support of virtue, morality, civil liberty and religion.—Franklin.

There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. All the best stops in our natures are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls never there before.—Drummond.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—Johnson.

God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that, if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action the want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable.—South.

As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss his child the shadow of his body falls upon it, so many of the dark misfortunes of life are not God going away from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting love.—Talmage.



## HOW TO BE ALWAYS HAPPY.

BY ONE WHO IS.

(Continued from last week.)

**A** FRIEND of mine sat down to breakfast one morning and an ugly looking letter was handed him, it having just come by post. He opened it and found it was from a broker who transacted business for him. It ran something like this: "Dear sir,—I am sorry to inform you that

You Have Lost £50,000;"

Now it is no joke to lose a sum of money like that. To this friend of mine it meant the loss of every penny he had. He had not been gambling, but investing, as he thought, carefully and wisely. He quietly looked around the breakfast table, then without saying a word he rose and went to his room. He did not go and buy a pistol and blow his brains out. He simply fell on his knees before God and said, "Dear Heavenly Father help me! Thou hast given me plenty, and I have tried to use it to Thy glory; now Thou hast taken everything away. Now Lord, Thou wilt have to feed me straight from heaven. I thank Thee for making me poor, that I may the more fully know Thee as my Father." He came down-stairs again and finished his breakfast. His loss had not even the power to spoil his appetite. He has ever since been as poor as a church mouse, but he has been rejoicing always, because he has the "joy of the Lord."

It is a grand thing to have God as your banker. I have had the pleasure of losing some thousands of pounds, and I can honestly say that the day I heard of my loss was the happiest day of my life. Then I came to realize the truth of the words, "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in Christ Jesus."

God has sometimes to let the north wind blow upon His children, and sometimes the cutting east wind. Then they prove His readiness to be a Shelter, a Hiding-place from the wind.

Peter, when he leaped out of the boat and trusted to the word of Jesus, was a splendid instance of the kind of faith God wants. This faith is not a creed or the belonging to any church, but it is a living trust. I hope you will belong to St. Peter's church, and thus are all good churchmen; that you are all followers of St. Peter when he testified to Jesus only. Peter walked on the word of Jesus only.

Jump.

You perhaps hear the Saviour saying "come," but you do not wish to jump out of the old boat. Sooner than do anything or anyway extraordinary you are ready to remain the cold, calculating, calm, backsliding wretched individuals you have always been. But you say, "How can I be anything different?" Go at once and jump out at the word of Jesus on to the tumbling waves, and God will honor your faith. But do not experiment on Jesus. I am afraid if I had been in Peter's place I should have been tempted just to feel the waves with my toes to see if the water were solid enough to hear me. This is what numbers of Christians are doing; they are making experiments, they trust God's word a little to see if it will hold good before committing too much of themselves to it. Peter did nothing of the kind; when Jesus said "come" he jumped out of the boat, and the word of the Lord supported him. Surely the word of Jesus is enough for a poor sinking sinner.

Overcoming.

The third element of this "joy of the Lord," you will find in John xvi. 33. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Overcoming the world, and not the world overcoming you; that is the third secret of Christian joy. What is the world? St. John gives us a definition: "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." But you say, how is it possible to overcome the world? St. John's answer is: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

Faith alone overcomes the current of the world. Have you ever realized that as a Christian you are not of the world, but ought to have overcome the world? If Christians realized this, would you find them at all the world's balls, theatres, parties, or races; would you

this world? Christian parents, be careful how you give your children the idea that to train them for holding high positions in this world is your highest duty towards them. Sometimes we Clergymen are to be found leading our flocks into the world, and resorting to worldly expedients for carrying on our church work, and then we wonder why there is so much worldliness in the church, and why our people long so much for the world, with its sporting news, and races, and football matches.

Frozen to it.

It is the world that is destroying the church, whereas the church ought to overcome the world. There is an old Greek fable of an eagle, which when flying over an ice-bound valley, saw a dead deer lying on the ice. The eagle swooped down and began to feed upon the carcass. The cold north wind swept down the valley and the great wings of the eagle were frozen to the ice on which they rested. When it had feasted on its prey, the noble bird tried to rise, but its wings were immovable, and it was frozen to death on the carcass of the deer. When the Christian, who is intended by God to cut his way through the clear air of heaven, sees the carcass of the world, and descends to feast upon it, there is an awful danger that his heart will be frozen, and he will die in the icy valley.



DON'T STAY IN THE HOWLING WILDERNESS WITH CANAAN IN VIEW

Worldly Christians never have any joy. They may have long faces on Sunday, they may be liberal subscribers to good objects, they may come out to mission services and conferences, but they will have no real joy. The Holy Spirit will not allow them to have any joy. To know this joy they must come out from the world. "In the world," says Jesus, "ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Jesus overcame the world by dying for the world, and the only way you can follow Christ is by taking up your cross. Between a worldling and a worldly Christian there is nothing to choose; of the two I almost prefer the unconverted man, rather than the man who is with the world to-day and pretends to be with God to-morrow. You must make a clear cut from the world. Are you ready to be counted a fool, to be sneered at as a fanatic? Paul says, "if any among you seem to be wise in this world let Him become a fool that he may be wise." Oh, for an army of fools in Ballarat! That is what I pray may be the result of this mission.

The last element of Christian joy which I refer to, you will find in the twenty-third chapter of Acts. It is the joy of testifying for Christ.

Paul had been preaching and witnessing for God in the streets of Jerusalem, and had been taken before the

You are never in a better Apostolic succession than when you preach in the streets.

The magistrates tried to stop Paul's mouth, but they could not, and at last the people rose up and nearly pulled him in pieces. Then a Roman Captain came with a band of soldiers and took Paul by force from the mob, and lodged him in the castle. We read in the eleventh verse:

"And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul; as thou hast testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

What is needed in Christians is courage in testimony for Jesus both in public and private. The Lord wants testimony, not argument. We are to be witnesses. A witness is not required to argue. Suppose I had to witness in a case, and the lawyer were to say, "Mr. Grubb, what did you see of this matter?" and I were to reply, "I will give you my opinion on the case," the judge would say, "We don't want your opinions or arguments either, we want to know what evidence you can give; do you know this or do you not? Will you swear to it, or will you not?"

What were the last words spoken by our Lord Jesus Christ on earth? "Ye shall receive power, after the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in all Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

Notice, they were first to witness in Jerusalem, that is where they were best known. Your first place to witness is in Ballarat. Then they were to testify in Judea. Write to your friends messages of grace, bear witness to

unless you can point to the Word of God. After you have borne this testimony at home, to those around you there, God will send you to the uttermost parts of the earth. But take care not to go till God sends you. I have known some persons to go to China to escape the difficulties at home. First show piety at home and then it may be God will thrust you out into the mission field.

Now I want to say a few words to the souls that do not know my Saviour. There are so many happy hearts here that I cannot bear to think you are not all full of this joy. Jesus pleads with you. The Father stretches out His hands in loving welcome. Why do you not go to Him? You can never tell how long this will be possible to you. Mr. Moody tells the following story:

When he was in New York there were two young men leaving one of the meetings he had been addressing, and the one said to the other, "We never heard anything like that before. We must become Christian men. I will give my heart to the Lord to-night." The other young man said, "I cannot decide to-night." Mr. Moody had spoken from the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." A week passed, and the young man who had remained undecided went by excursion train a little way out of the city. Here he went to church, and a strange clergyman preached from the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." "Well," said the young man, "this is a very strange thing." His heart was greatly troubled, but he did not yield. On the third Sunday he heard another sermon by a different minister in another church, and the text was again, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." It went to his heart like a pistol shot, but he began to say to himself, "How can I bear the scoffing and ridicule of my friends? How can I give up all for Christ?" The Spirit was grieved, and ceased to strive with him. He went back to the world. Six months after that the young man went out of his mind. He was taken to a lunatic asylum, and now the only thing that young man does is to make the corridors of the asylum ring with the awful cry, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Oh, it would have been well for him if he had surrendered all and obtained the joy of the Lord. To all of you, then, who know not the Lord I would say, "Now, whilst you have your faculties, now, whilst it is still the day of grace, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness,' you will then prove that 'the joy of the Lord is your strength.'"

## Cyclone of Spiritual Power

At the Inauguration of the Twenty-Six Special Holiness Meetings in Central Ontario.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY LEADING

(Special Dispatch.)

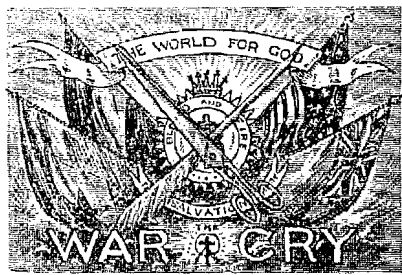
**I**N accordance with the Field Commissioner's decision at the recent 16th Anniversary Councils, the first of a series of 26 special Holiness Meetings to be conducted by each Provincial Officer during the coming year, was inaugurated in Central Ontario, on Tuesday, the 15th December, by the Chief Secretary at a united gathering of the Toronto City forces in the Jubilee Hall. The meeting was announced as a "Three hours with God," lasting from 8 to 11 p.m., and proved an extraordinary season of divine inspiration. Most of the Territorial Headquarters' Staff were present, also the Women's and Men's Social Officers from the various institutions, and the commanding officers of the corps. Pungent and telling addresses were delivered by Adjts. Moore, Wiseman, Dodd and Desbrisay, and Ensign Cameron, after which the Chief Secretary spoke from Matthew xxviii. 18 and 19, for about ninety minutes. The keynote of his address was baptism into the nature of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and as he turned over the truth before the assembled gathering he completely riddled the position of the half-hearted, lukewarm and lackadaisical. He spoke the plainest, straightest, hardest-hitting kind of truth, and spoke it with a power that it was next to impossible to evade. It cannot but be that all Toronto Salvationists received an enormous impetus in holy living.—C.

Faith carries present loads, meets present results, feeds on present promises and accomplishes the future.

## LOOK OUT FOR Monster Junior Demonstration

CONDUCTED BY  
**THE FIELD COMMISSIONER**  
AT  
**THE TEMPLE.**

Full Announcement Later.



### Self-Denial.

The returns of Self-Denial will be nearly completed by the time this reaches our readers. We have heard from most of the Provinces, all of which confidently expect at least to raise their Provincial targets. West Ontario is certain of victory; the London Brass Band challenged any band in the Territory to raise as much as they will. Unfortunately the challenge reached us too late to be published in the S.-D. Cry. Central Ontario is delighted with the prospects. Brigadier Bennett says he has never fallen short of his target, and does not mean to commence now a downward record. Brigadier Howell writes, "Not a wavering spirit has been heard of, but all speak in hopeful terms of a glorious issue." Brigadier Pugmire has personally rushes to the front by an extended S.-D. tour around his Province, and has no doubt of the outcome. Major McMillan speaks most enthusiastically of his officers as being one in determination to conquer, while Brigadier Sharp, in the far-away Island, is getting every lever in motion to leave all previous efforts in the dim distance. What other result can we expect but a complete victory? Our Annual Self-Denial becomes a greater need every year, for the simple reason that the missionary efforts of the Army increase yearly in importance and extent, not stopping at the mere evangelization of the heathen, but grappling effectively with the social problems of those countries as well. May the universal outcome of the Self-Denial Effort of 1898 enable our beloved General to put his proved, practical schemes into more extensive operation.

### Half-Nights of Prayer.

The series of Half-Nights of Prayer, which were decided upon by the Commissioner in council with the Provincial Officers, to take place in the immediate future, has been commenced with a "Three hours with God" at the Temple, led by the Chief Secretary. These Half-Nights of Prayer will doubtless be welcomed by all our rank and file. Amidst the rush and pressure and the daily worries of business and household, such seasons of refreshing and inspiration ought to be what oasis in the desert are to the weary traveller. Let us prepare for them carefully and prayerfully and enter into such gatherings with hearts ready to receive all the benefit and blessings that they can bring to us. In the Army we find such a constant draft on our faith and feeling, and such a tremendous need of Divine grace to do our best at all the various occasions of service that Half-Nights become a necessity to us, as well as ought to be the fountain of life to others. They should be our provisioning or "coaling-stations" along

### The Christmas War Cry.

We have now in preparation the brightest and best War Cry that has ever been issued from our Territorial Headquarters. The Field Commissioner says it much eclipse every other special issue which yet has left our press, and no work or expense has been spared to secure its success. In the first place there will be a highly artistic cover, lithographed in five colors, and representing in two contrasting scenes, the need of our Rescue work and how we are meeting it. Those who have seen the design have unanimously pronounced it excellent. Besides the cover there will be thirty two pages of choice reading matter—including articles from the General, the Field Commissioner, Commissioner Nicol, Commissioner McKie, Colonel Jacobs, Colonel Holland, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, Brigadiers Complin, Mrs. Read, Gaskin, Major Southall, and numerous other well-known writers. There will be articles for sinners and articles for saints, short stories and long stories, ghost stories and other stories; a Service of Song for the corps, news from different parts of the World, and profuse illustrations on every page. Special good paper and ink has been secured for the purpose, and on the whole, the Christmas War Cry will be exceedingly cheap at ten cents. People have said only recently, "We do not see how you can give so much for the money," nevertheless, we shall do it, and we feel confident that there will be no one begrudging the ten cents they will pay for it.

### Visit of the Central Chief to the Temple.

A good day at the Temple on Sunday. Visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin also farewell of Adj. and Mrs. Dodd for Spokane. Ensign Hide and Farm Staff assisting. Powerful meetings all day. Large crowd at knee-drill. Brigadier's address on "Faith, Hope and Charity," was really grand. The afternoon meeting was interesting, three out for salvation. Night meeting very good. Seven out, six for salvation, and one for holiness. Full band all day. The corps is all alive for Self-Denial. The S.-D. Cry went well; all sold out. The target, which some people consider high, will be reached. Come again, Brigadier, and bring Mrs. Gaskin with you.—W. Peacock, R. C.



"Why don't the Captain call around with the War Cry. Here, I have been waiting all day to get a copy, for I want to see whether it is true that the Army is going to print a book of 36 pages for their Christmas Issue, at only ten cents. When it is printed

# Reflections.....

By

THE GENERAL.

### The Czar and Peace.

**L**AST week I referred to the prevalence and growth of the War Spirit throughout the world. This week I feel that I must again remark on the noble challenge of the Emperor of Russia in favor of Peace, which was described in these columns several weeks ago, and which created so much sensation at the time. Surely the Nations are not going to allow this great opportunity at arriving at some sort of agreement as to the mutual reduction of their Armaments to pass unimproved? Anyway, I will not allow myself to suppose that they will refuse to pledge themselves, and that up to the hilt, against any further increase in the weapons of destruction.

But it looks very much like it. Instead of leaping with eager joy to welcome the olive-branch held forth, and saying, "Here is an opportunity which, without any great risk to ourselves or our people, we can pause in the fast and furious expenditure of money, and come nearer together in friendship and mutual understanding, all manner of suspicious and mercenary motives are being conjured up to justify the continuance of the horrid state of fear and suspense in which the nations live. Comrades, the great men of the earth will not heed our counsel when we say, "Don't fight—love, and brotherly service, and peace are better than hatred, and strife, and blood!" But we can, however, pray that our Heavenly Father, in whose hands are the hearts of our rulers, may influence—nay, restrain them in this direction. Have faith and pray!

### Nottingham.

The Saturday Night Soldiers' Meeting was held in the Schoolroom of "Wesley Chapel," kindly lent for the purpose. This is the building in connection with which my religious career commenced, and as I looked once more upon the place, my mind was carried back, through the fifty-four years that have elapsed, to some of the scenes and circumstances which made so indelible an impression upon my heart at the time, and which had so much to do with shaping my future. In imagination I again testified in the Love Feasts, responded in the Prayer Meetings, listened to the Sermons, united in the Songs, and knelt in spirit at the Penitent Form where I made the first full surrender of my soul and all that was within me to the service of God. Little did I think when I rose that night, walked across the room and bent my knee in that consecration, what was going to happen! Reader have you thus placed yourself in the hands of Jehovah? If not, make haste to do it. You cannot tell what it may bring forth for yourself, your family, and the world at large.

### James Caughey.

Among the agencies that in those days chiefly influenced my young mind, none was more powerful, as I have often said before, than the preaching of James Caughey, the celebrated American Evangelist. His visit fell at a date soon after my conversion, and found my heart tender and open to receive the impression that his talking and soul-stirring methods were likely to make. I shall never forget his first sermon. We had been expecting him for three or four months, a meeting having been held every week for the special purpose of praying that the visit might mightily shake the town and neighborhood. All sorts of stories relative to the great things God was doing by him in other places were related from time to time, and at last the Sabbath came on which he was to appear. Expectation ran high, and the country people came walking and riding into the town for miles around. As he entered the pulpit in the crowded chapel, holding over two thousand people, a warm-hearted brother, possessed of a stentorian voice, shook the building—anyway, every soul in it—with a tremendous "Amen!" Methodist congregations did not, in those days, fire

volleys systematically, like the Salvationists do now; still, it seemed that a volley ought to be fired, and this dear man voiced our united desires to the Throne. Everybody thought something was going to happen, and it did.

### A Good Text.

Mr. Caughey's text that morning was "Serve the Lord with gladness." I can remember nothing of the plan of his discourse, and very little of the matter it contained, beyond the fact that he dealt chiefly with the Religion of Uncertainty, and that his argument was to the effect that if you are in doubt as to whether you are the children of God you cannot serve Him gladly. That was sound truth, as every good Salvationist will know.

### A Settlement.

Then he gave us an illustration from his own experience, which I remember well. I don't pretend to recollect his language, but this was the substance of it. He said, "In the early days of my Church Membership I was uncertain as to whether I really had been converted. Sometimes I thought I was a child of God, and then I rejoiced; sometimes I was afraid I was not, and then I was weak and miserable. This went on for a time, and then I determined that the controversy must come to an end; I made up my mind to have the question settled, and if there was such a thing as Conversion, which I firmly believed there was, I would have the experience in my own soul. So I set apart a special time to seek the blessing, and resolved that, if it took me a week, I would fast and pray, and believe until it came; I would be done with the horrid uncertainty.

### The Philosophy of Conversion.

"Well, the day I fixed upon for the struggle—which I expected was going to be a long and desperate one—came, and I shut myself up with my Bible," and, I think he said, with his Hymn Book also, and in addition, supplied himself with pen, ink, and some books in which he proposed to write a careful theological and philosophical exposition of the expected change for his own guidance, and that of other people similarly exercised. He then went on to describe the simplicity of the whole-hearted surrender to God with which he commenced, the trust in the sacrificed of Jesus Christ that followed, the joy which came rolling into his soul which was the result, and his rush to his books to write the philosophical description of the change that he had promised himself, telling us, amidst responses of gladness all over the place, how he filled the first line of his book with "Glory! Glory! Glory!" and the next line, and the next, and so on down the sheet, and the first line of the next page with "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" and so on all down that sheet also, until he had filled his book with "Glories!" and "Hallelujahs!" and that was all the philosophy and theology he could write!

### A Hallelujah Life.

I don't remember Mr. Caughey's application of the story, but I can easily imagine what it was, and as such I would like to push it home upon all who live in those lowlands of Uncertainty to which he referred, and who are today tormented with miserable doubts about their conversion, and who, full of fears about death and judgment, are not only deprived of joy in their religion, but rendered next door to powerless for any useful service. If they will follow Mr. Caughey's example, their lives shall, instead of being filled with moanings, and wallings and lamentations over their weaknesses, be filled with the peace that passeth understanding, and the joy that is unspeakable, and they shall be continually listening to the Hallelujahs and Glories that flow from the lips of men, women, and children saved through their example and devotion.

### Riverside Rejoicing.

(Special.)

Major Hargrave and Capt. Welch visited Riverside S.-D. Sunday. Good meetings all day. Crowds and finances all right. One sold for salvation. Spent an hour with Juniors. Things improving. Six companies running. Self-Denial target will be reached. Seniors

### Hamilton Happenings.

(Special.)

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Creighton and Ensign Griffiths at Hamilton I for Saturday and Sunday. Everyone glad to see Mrs. Creighton back again. Much interest in the open-air was shown, and the Spirit of God was manifest in every meeting, both outside and in. The finances were good and one soul cried for mercy. Many more





By the Field Commissioner.

*"Charity suffereth long and is kind . . . is not easily provoked."*

**A**S a chime of resonant bells amidst the unblending voices of confusion, heated controversy, contradictory beliefs, and mistifying arguments rings Paul's decisive declaration to questioning Greece, as to the essence and influence of unalloyed Christianity. The words of my text were addressed to Corinth, but have with equal force been thundering through time since their utterance, answering all sincere enquiry of the seeking soul, while condemning all hypocrisy.

Corinth the great: Corinth the grand: Corinth the beautiful! I have read that nothing in our world to-day could be compared to the stupendous display of column, statue and temple of this ancient city, which stands unrivalled either by the past or present. In the building of her wharves were absorbed the wealth and skill of kingdoms, and their naval force confounded the armies of the seas of every nation. It was from her fountains gushed the far-famed health-giving waters; within her walls there towered the statue of Hercules, carved in Corinthian brass; through her groves of pines and olives there floated—and in her theatres and cathedrals there vibrated—the most delicate and cultured music: battlements, towers, temples, columns, sculpture, architecture, beauty and art either spread in her walls, or towered in her streets, or shone in her gates, or was carved in her stairways, or cut in her pillars, or hung in her pictures, until there was scarcely a corner in Corinth that was not adorned with some magnitude of splendor.

But here comes Paul! whose rounded shoulders and swollen eye-lids by no means modify his meagre appearance, and, standing in some public highway, past which there glides the glitter of aristocracy, says all these gifts of which you think so highly—around which your highest hopes encircle; in which your strongest ambitions are centered, and on which the best of nations has been spent—are but as nothing compared to the glory of the possession of which I have to tell you. In your prided splendour—though you see it not—there is the sure indication of coming decay; within your towering pinnacles of pleasure is the trembling of approaching downfall; your myriad dissipations and multitudinous gaieties are fragile as the butterfly's wing; their gauze-like fascinations will all too surely and speedily reveal the chasm of discontent and retributive remorse toward which they are bringing you. Held blindly by such bewildering gaities and fantastic toys you cannot discern the intrinsic value of the treasure whether at Athens, Corinth or Rome so far outweighs the worth of either boasted fame, be it wealth, wisdom, or imperial power. Your luxuries and ease will diminish when your need is the greatest: your fountains will run dry when your thirst is the strongest.

*"Your gold will waste and wear away,  
My portion never can decay."*

I have a treasure earth can never tarnish: I have a temple not made with mortal hand: I drink of founts whose waters are eternal: I have a recipe for all pain—any pain—both deep and fractious pain. It is the gift of God made free for every man; it is the grace of Christ, an ocean-river; it is the light of Heaven; the lustre of eternal ages—it is Charity. It can hold up when all props go down; it can hold on when all hands let go; it can hold out when all strength gives in. When the fires come and your temples are consumed it will live; when the floods come and your pride is laid low it will stand; when the cyclones come and your city is deserted it will remain; when disaster or affliction be-

comes or distracts it will shine—for it is Charity, and Charity can suffer—suffer long, and even while suffering be kind.

I am not in the least surprised that Paul in a day of such dispute as to the diversity of gifts holds out this, as one of rarest worth, for, in other words, it is patience, and I suppose it was just as scarce a grace in that day as it is in this.

Now I would like to show first that the want of the capacity to bear—or to put it into a nut shell "impatience" is at the root of some of the heaviest misfortunes and darkest sins. Three parts of the suicides of the world would have never pulled through the ghastly business of shunting their souls from the rails of time on to the endless tracks of eternity, had they postponed the bloody transaction until one half-hour later.

Again, would it be possible to draw any accurate estimate of the multitudinous number of those mistakes which have brought lifelong trouble and misfortune upon mankind, when a little waiting for thought would have prevented them. I knew a gentleman who, although a millionaire on the yesterday, was little better than a pauper on the morrow, when the horses, library and the grand old homestead, all went in the hunt for the lost money. The friend who told me the sad story said: "Undue haste for the accumulation of further riches secured his signature to a mistaken document, which cost him all, and brought on himself and his family this terrible loss." And so I say, impatience is the rock-bottom of some of the most monstrous sins and gigantic calamities of the world's history, and that Charity's armies make full provision for our protection, in their capacity to *hold back* as well as *hold on*.

Secondly, impatience concerning what are deemed the minor matters of life lies at the cause of more than half the spiritual breakdowns of the Christian world. The continual giving way to impatient feeling and expression destroys the very foundation of peace, and leaves a conscience so offended that any joy to be experienced must be

squeezed out of an empty profession. Such religion is a failure; it cannot bear up against the current of daily adversity—those tiny streams whose source springs from some hidden creek, created by infinitesimal droppings, in the kitchen or the office—nevertheless whose strength of tide is far greater than would appear on the surface. I refer now to those little restless currents flowing through every life—wearing the strength, irritating the spirit, and tiring the nerves—in fact, summed up in the total, putting a far greater tax upon the body and soul than periodical gales and storms can do. It is not the cloud-breaks and cyclones that bring down the mountains, but the steady rains, the continual drippings, filtering through the crevices, nooks and gutters that loosen these massive bodies, and destroy these monuments of



PAUL PREACHING.

nature. And so with thousands of souls, undermining the strongholds, of their spirituality is the continual giving way beneath the slight but penetrating pressure of trial's drippings. In the dark ages one of the most inhuman means of torture was to fasten the condemned man by iron chains to the ground, while water spent itself in tiny drops upon the centre of his brow, until reason inflamed, reeled and broke beneath that miniature weapon, which by its maddening continuity—drop, drop, drop—produced the effect of a sledge-hammer thundering on the brain; and later the victim dies.

And so the drops of passing afflictions batter and shatter the spiritual power of countless numbers of souls. They could suffer the heavy blow when the father forsook the home and steeped his name in the burning lava of shame; or when the children were carried to the corner grave of the large cold church-yard, they shone—but they have never found the religion that can suffer the everyday vexations which flow in the current of time. For one thing they are so persistent—each morning, afternoon and evening bringing but a continuation of drops that have dripped before, and some sincerely question as to whether there ever has been proved an equivalent stream of grace that could outrun these waters of irritation and test.

There are large crowds belonging to every church, and connected with every barracks, who prove themselves heroes of the field when there is the bayonet point to be faced; Goliath to conquer; Joshua's Jordan to cross; the mob to resist, and hot persecution to withstand; they can suffer these sharp, fierce upheavals of the enemy's thrusts, but the plague of flies that conquered Pharaoh also conquers them. They buzz in their ears,—in the teasing racket of the house, the street, or the office. They buzz in their eyes and the papers are lost, which is

exceedingly trying, especially when there is such certainty as to their having been placed on that identical spot in that particular desk. They buzz in their incuth and the tea is cold, when it might, and could, and should have been not. They come as in clouds and o'er-shadow each path; and they miss their train, they lose their way. They buzz through our nights, thickening our gloom, for only those who have had the darkness of sorrow intensified by trying circumstances know what these night irritances mean.

When I meet these daily, and, indeed, sometimes hourly, trials and cross purposes beating against my plans and flying across my schemes, and interfering with our intentions, do you know what I say? I say, "Pharaoh's flies." They are not big or mighty, and yet it takes more to overcome and subdue them than the heavy afflictions of life, just as it would take more to capture and destroy a thousand flies than the most ferocious quadruped. But the flies of life's irritations never can be captured—they can only be borne, and bearing is one of the highest forms of spiritual triumph.

A few weeks ago a soul seeking the blessing of a clean heart said, "Commissioner, I get on well at the store; I can smile and sing amidst the persecution there, but it is the vexatious matters at home which upset me." I thought, standing as well as the three Hebrew children in the furnace, but conquered by flies! Oh, I know some giants of Christianity who have come down here. Now could all the dearths in minor keys moan out the calamity it is that a man's religion all through life should be marred for the want of conquering grace for flies. Better lose your papers than lose your peace. Better stand outward noise than inward strife. Better miss your train than miss your crown. Better suffer the night than bedim the morning. Oh, what a saving, conquering, helping, keeping provision in this grace which beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, and is not easily provoked.

Again, I see that Charity makes us befitting pupils for the stern tuition of life's more rigid teachers. From the rough, straight benches of sorrow's hard school Christianity has graduated her first and greatest heroes. God's best and choicest spirits have almost unexceptionally been the chosen subjects of adversity—the sharp chisel of pain, the selected instrument for the cutting of the character and the fierce chastening to bring into softer expression the life. The vista of history, from earliest ages, reveals life's highest lessons have been learned in the crucible of suffering.

How many thoughtless has the sick couch made earnest? How many careless has adversity taught responsibility? How many inconsiderate have become sympathetic by overstrung and tortured nerves? How many cold and hard have been brought to gentleness and kindness by the rending sorrow of bereavement? How many haughty and rebellious have been subdued and led into loving subjection by a down-fall in circumstances? How many hearts strengthened, natures deepened, souls purified, saints perfected can be traced to these afflictions? Ten thousand graves have formed the birth cradle of a passionate love for Jesus. Many a crushing disappointment has brought the strength to lift His cross. How oft has a calamitous blow thrust open the barred gates between the soul and salvation? How frequently has the furnace of affliction through which the parent has passed lit the light by which the whole family has followed?

I see suffering to be such a wonderful medium through which heaven is interpreted to earth, and God's best channel for infusing into the soul His rarest graces. As it was God's chosen channel to impart to this poor world the great plan of redemption, so still it is the stream on which is borne His choicest gifts to the soul, and this alone can be the reason for so much tormenting of trust, torturing of tenderness, tearing of spirit and teasing of nerve, which would tempt the best of us to ask, has God forgotten His own? But surely life's open page has written too clearly the evidences that pain's impress upon the mind and character proves our highest gain.

Therefore, don't shirk the cross, don't turn back from the rivers, don't complain so severely of the trial, but remembering how you can make it the richest blessing of your life, get the charity that can suffer it—the charity that will shine in it—the charity, which, by virtue of its very capacity to endure, needs itself the suffering to call its full glory forth.

The explanation given in Revelation for the reason of the glistening and the glory of the children in white,



CHRIST AT BETHANY.

their having come out of great tribulation—that they came out of it, not did away with it—but came through it, singing and shouting the praises of the Blood of the Lamb.

What pen could write, what tongue could speak, what angel tell the full congregation of afflictions which composed the tangled forests, or flamed the heated furnace, or rolled the heavy waters, through which those patient feet and forbearing spirits pressed their way. It is beyond dispute that they had cried a lot, for now they are not to shed any tears. They had known what it was to want bread, and some of them thirst, for now "the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne of God shall feed them, and lead them by living waters; they shall neither hunger nor thirst any more." Oh, the tribulation had been a hard, fierce and long fight.

Whose was the arm that held them? From whence the light that led them? Where the love that guided them? All found in the gift Paul spoke of at Corinth, telling how, in blood, it came to a world from Calvary. Charity!—why, it can hold up any weakness, strengthen any feebleness, and straighten any crookedness. Bent backs, tired heads, and worn nerves can rest on it. It removes not the trial, but gives strength to bear it. It divides not the waters but carries through the tide. It quenches not the furnace, but the flame shall not kindle to singe. It will not still the strife, but in all life's battles will declare the triumph. It will nerve your heart in time, it will light your candle in death. By its continual virtuous, patient bearing it will soothe all your sorrows, lighten all your burdens, understand all your trials, smoothe all your frictions, ease all your sufferings, and stay all your tears. For charity can suffer, charity is kind, is not easily provoked, and in the heavy bivouac of earth's varying warfare I ask what more invincible forces could champion the claims of the soul than these three regiments which march in the army of love.

#### THE LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.

The League of Mercy visitors can make use of any current numbers of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their work.

Will comrades or friends send parcels of literature when read to the following officers and Mercy League Sergeant-Majors:—

TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple LONDON Ont.—Mrs. Major Southall, Clarence st. HAMILTON Ont.—Mrs. Captain Dodge, Rebecca st. MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Symington, 256 University st. QUEBEC Ont.—Mrs. Dawson. VICTORIA B. C.—Mrs. Captain Lacey. ST. JOHN'S Nfld.—Ensign Tovey, 28 Cook st. WINNIPEG Man.—Mr. Habbick. HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis st. ST. JOHN N. B.—Adjutant Jost, 65 Elliot Row. FREDRINGTON, N. B.—Captain Bishop. [Ave. SPOKANE, Wash.—Adjutant Langtry 732 Fourth HARBOR GRACE, Nfld. Mrs. Whitman. OTTAWA, Ont. Mrs. Webber, Salvation Army.

or send addresses of those having periodicals to dispose of to Mrs. Brigadier Read, League of Mercy Secretary, Toronto Temple.

Any one desiring friends in hospitals visited, or any one whom they are interested in in prison write to

#### Helps for J. S. Workers.

The First Public Appearance at Jerusalem.

John ii. 13-25.

The Passover.—The Passover was instituted by God, four days before the infliction of the last plague upon the land of Egypt, during the time of the Israelite's oppression (Ex. xii. 3-14), and was kept yearly. The lamb sacrificed at the Feast of the Passover is to be considered typical of the sacrifice of Christ.

Christ's Public Ministry is now begun. He has been pointed out as the Messiah by the messenger sent by God to prepare the people for His coming; He has gathered His first followers, and has worked one great miracle to assure them who He really is, and now the time has come for Him to publicly declare Himself. No place better than Jerusalem, and no time better than now. Jerusalem was crowded with people gathered together from all parts of the country to keep the Passover, and the opportunity to proclaim His Messiahship very favorable. When Jesus went to the Temple He found that the outer court was turned into a great market for the sale of oxen, sheep and doves for sacrifices, and that the money changers had also established themselves there. They changed foreign money for that which was current at Jerusalem, for the convenience of them that came from distant countries.

The Temple Cleansed.—The Temple is a magnificent building, but the service there instead of being a "sweet smelling savour" had become a stench in the nostrils of God, and because of the corruption of the priests, and those associated with the worship there, Jesus had come to purge His Temple. "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple" (Mal. iii. 1). The Jews had been seeking for the Messiah, and now He had come suddenly and in an unexpected manner. He had been there before, He had kept the Passover yearly ever since he was twelve years old, in obedience to the law.

He Drove Them Out.—There is no resistance offered as Jesus, with a scourge of small cords drove out those who were conducting their unlawful business, with the oxen, sheep, and doves. He upset the money and threw over the tables. The terror of God fell upon them. Here was a direct evidence of His being the Messiah, not by what He says, but by what He does. The prophecy of Malachi was fulfilled.

The Jews Want a Sign.—A sign would be useless to a people who had already rejected Him in their hearts, and nothing He could do would in any way alter their attitude towards Him. He foretells them of His own murder and His resurrection, but they did not understand.

"Destroy This Temple."—They thought He meant the Temple, which Herod had commenced to rebuild some

longer, only to be destroyed again by the Romans a few years later, but "He spake of the Temple of His body."

They Believed the Scriptures.—Even the disciples did not seem to understand what Jesus meant, but after He had risen from the dead they remembered what He had said, and believed the Scriptures and His words concerning His resurrection.

During the Passover week many believed on Him because of the miracles He wrought. They believed He was a Teacher sent from God, but Jesus does not trust in those who profess to believe in Him. He knows them too well! He could not place any confidence in these new converts, because many of them were false and were His enemies. Their faith was caused through what they saw of His wonderful power upon others, not through what He had done for them and in them.

He Knew All Men.—There is no hiding from Him the fact that man's heart is naturally evil, and, therefore, before there has been a change wrought by the Holy Ghost He cannot trust Himself in their power.

#### MEMORY TEXT.

"The zeal of the Lord hath eaten me up."

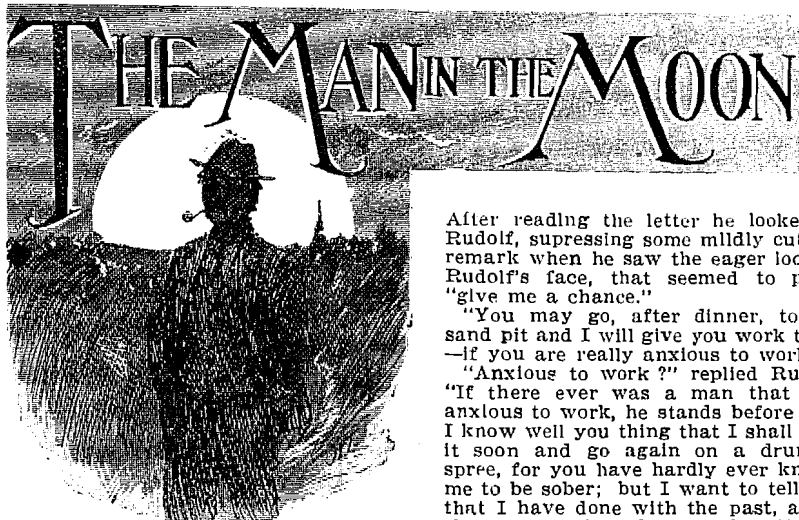
#### PERSEVERANCE.

Laborious labor had made the voluminous collection necessary for the compiling of a great historical work. There only remains to write it. At this important moment the failing health of the historian developed the seizure of a fatal disease.

"There is no hope," said pitying physicians, knowing how all the man's soul was wrapped up in his prospected book. But the patient replied, "No hope for me, no hope for my book." And weak though he was he started the wearying task.

Five months were occupied in writing the work. How he lived through them the doctor did not know. They said that many a time his ebbing strength would have succumbed fatally but for his indomitable will. In agonies of pain much of it was written—in prostrating weakness all of it. To hold a book or wield a pencil was altogether out of the question. It must have been a painful duty that his amenity had to perform. How amid such suffering he forced his mind to think, and to such purpose, it is impossible to say. When others felt certain that the signs of death were approaching, he said, "No, no! I still have work to do. I must win another month of life to write it down." Not till the death rattle was in his throat did he admit "I can do no more." When the invincible spirit fled from the worn out frame there were left, not one, but two of those bulwark records of British history which have made the name of J. R. Green famous until to-day.





### CHAPTER IX. A Second Start.

Jesus, answer from above,  
Is not all Thy nature love?  
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?  
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?  
If I rightly read Thy heart,  
If Thou all compassion art,  
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Pardon and accept me now!

On the next morning the Captain called, as promised, and had a straight talk with Rudolf, who was sincerely determined to try again, with the help of God, to live down the record which he had established in the town.

At the advice of the Captain, he went to the manager of the factory and apologized for his conduct, as well as thanking him for not prosecuting him in court for the assault.

The manager freely forgave Rudolf, and also handed him a letter to a contractor, telling him again that he might give him a job in the factory later on, when an opening occurred, but that it would be necessary that he should in some way give evidence of his good intentions. He had written the contractor to give him some work, if at all possible, and thought, if the man were not able to give him employment, he would be able to recommend Rudolf to someone else.

Greatly cheered, the Man in the Moon left the factory and sought the contractor. The latter was soon found.

After reading the letter he looked at Rudolf, suppressing some mildly cutting remark when he saw the eager look in Rudolf's face, that seemed to plead "give me a chance."

"You may go, after dinner, to my sand pit and I will give you work there—if you are really anxious to work."

"Anxious to work?" replied Rudolf, "If there ever was a man that was anxious to work, he stands before you. I know well you thing that I shall drop it soon and go again on a drunken spree, for you have hardly ever known me to be sober; but I want to tell you that I have done with the past, and I shall sooner drop dead in the attempt to earn an honest livelihood, than go back to the life which I have lived."

Promptly after dinner Rudolf turned up at the sandpit and was given a shovel to fill the builders' waggons who obtained their supply of sand there.

Rudolf had not worked half an hour before the perspiration poured out of every pore in his body. He had never done this sort of work in his life. Shovelling sand is hard labor even to men used to it, but to an inexperienced hand, and a body worn out by insufficient nourishment and excessive drinking, it was a gigantic task. But Rudolf struggled on. Some of the teamsters made rough jokes about him, others sympathetically held out their brandy flask to him.

"Take a drink, old man, you are too hard on yourself and need a bracer," one of them said.

"No, thank you; I shall never touch it again, by the help of God; it has nearly killed me and my family, and I have made up my mind that I'd sooner die sober with this shovel in my hand, than to touch the cursed stuff again. Don't tempt me," Rudolf added pleadingly.

The joke died upon the lips of the teamster, and with a mingled feeling of admiration for the struggling man and condemnation for himself, he said, "That's right, Moony, stick to it, and I shall not think the worse of you for it."

Fortunately there were lulls in the afternoon, from time to time, from

fifteen to twenty minutes, when no carts were in the pit, and so Rudolf had an opportunity to have a little rest, otherwise he would have found it impossible to continue. As it was, when six o'clock came he trembled from head to foot and could scarcely drag himself home.

His wife had a hot supper ready, a luxury, which she had not been able to afford for many a season, at times even she had gone supperless herself and divided the last crust of bread among her children. Her early training had made it absolutely repulsive to seek charity, she could not bring herself to reveal her position to anyone. So this effort of a hot supper almost exhausted the little sum of money she had at her disposal. Still, she never considered that part, for true love does not keep a record of the cost of giving.

The children had been taught by her to kiss papa when he should return. They did it awkwardly enough, for during his former years their father was so seldom home, that they saw little of him. When he was at home he was drunk, so their mother either kept them away from him, or they themselves ran away in fear.

"I am dead tired, Minnie," said Rudolf after supper, "but I have been thinking all day that I ought to go to the Army meeting to-night and go out to the penitent form."

Minnie offered no objections, but gladly urged him to do so and asked whether he would like her to come as well. This Rudolf gladly agreed to, and man and wife for the first time in many years went out together. Old memories rushed to their hearts and the aurora of a happier future dawned upon them. They spoke little on their way; Rudolf would occasionally press his wife's arm almost timidly, and she would cast a covered glance at his face from time to time.

"Minnie," Rudolf exclaimed, before they entered the barracks, "I want to be a good husband to you and a good father to our children. Can you forgive me freely? Wait, before you speak; I must get it off my mind before I go to the penitent form, for against you I have sinned most. I have broken all the promises I made you, I have been a brute and a disgrace to you, I have brought you to poverty and left you to struggle as best you can to support yourself and the children, I have beaten and ill-treated you—stop, don't interrupt me till I am done. I have repeated all these and more to myself this afternoon, as I

was shovelling sand, and while my back was aching, I thought how your back must have felt when you were out to do scrubbing and washing and slaving for others—I have gone through a veritable purgatory this afternoon, not so much on account of the unaccustomed work, but because of all the past that has paraded past the inner eye of my soul, and I have been disgusted with myself. But if you will forgive me, I mean by the help of God to do everything that is possible for a man to do, to redeem the past."

"There is much blame due to me for driving you into the way of wrong, Rudolf. I should ask as much your forgiveness as you seek mine. Let us go in together and kneel at the Mercy Seat."

At the close of the meeting there rose from the penitent form the Man in the Moon and his wife with a new light in their faces.

There were not many people present that night, but those who had been there stayed till the end of the meeting, and the next morning the news that the Man in the Moon had been at the Army penitent form was thought sufficiently interesting to be made a special paragraph of the local paper, whose editor was most strongly opposed to the Salvation Army. It read as follows:

"That howling set of hair-brained, weak-minded set of people who call themselves the Salvation Army, has made last night a big catch, as they call it. That notorious character, known as the Man in the Moon, who needs no pedigree, and who was only the day previous discharged from jail, where he had been lodged on account of an assault made in a drunken state upon the manager of the factory, has joined them. The 'Captain' had made repeated efforts to 'save' that beauty, because the Rev. Father had promised him ten dollars if he would succeed, and the pious captain has a warm feeling for a ten-dollar bill. There was shouting and all sorts of blasphemous carrying on when the individual aforementioned walked out to kneel at their bench. The whole performance would be very humorous, were it not such a travesty on religion. It is time that such outrageous hypocrisy were stopped by the authorities and the whole pack of fanatics sent to the asylum. . . ."

(To be continued.)

[Red Signal Series.]

## ON THE ROCKS

By ADJT. G. MILLER.

I have just passed the S. S. Express, which a few weeks ago was running between Halifax and Yarmouth. It is now a wreck on the rocks by a little Island near Clark's Harbor. It was a beautiful boat, worth more than \$50,000, and had only run a few months. What a pity to see such a valuable property left there to be broken up by the angry waves of the sea. They have tried, but failed to get her off, and there she is with her beautiful engines, etc., a wreck—of no use to anyone.

Upon inquiry I find the cause of the wreck was a thick fog and heavy sea, during which she got out of her course and got upon the rocks.

This sight has made me think of the many spiritual wrecks we find along the shores of time. The many people who were once useful, bright and beautiful, admired by everybody for their goodness, who were once a great help and blessing to those about them, people who have braved many a heavy sea and have kept their course, and come out of many a storm with colors flying—but they got in the fog. "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Deeds that are evil bring darkness and cause men to love it. Those who get in the dark get out of their course, for "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." Through some evil in their life causing them to disobey and bring darkness into their soul, they have gone far from the course of a righteous life on to the rocks and sand bars of the world and the devil. There they remain poor wrecks, many who have been people of great value; there they are with wasted lives and talents of no use to themselves nor any one else.

Dear reader, if you have got off your course and have been wrecked by the powers of darkness, look to Jesus, follow Him and you will not walk in darkness, but will rejoice in the light and be able to say as Paul, when your race is run:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day."



## Old Timer's Thoughts.

The best blessing, both of heaven and earth, are those that cost the most.

There is no music like the music and harmony of hearts.

The most precious blessings are not picked up indifferently at every corner.

There are some who are not spiritual enough to have doubts or troubles.

The way of life is the way of the cross.

Life is narrow, we run against limitations everywhere.

The narrow way that leads to God and heaven is ever widening.

The broad way that leads to hell and damnation is ever narrowing.

If we flee from duty God will follow us as He did Elijah.

A God-given duty must be fulfilled; God will not compromise.

Every soul that is right with God will obey the call, "To arms!"

In your actions, do you ever think what will the harvest be?

Our hearts and heads in the right place, God will make us a blessing both to saint and sinner.

The worse others are, the better we should endeavor to let our light shine.

God puts the faithful where they are needed most.

Sinner, the responsibility lies with you to seek God and his pardon. The responsibility lies with God as to being found.

Any Christian may be the connecting link between Christ and the sinner.

Living in the fear of God will take away the fear of death.

[Our Mission Fields.]

## Devil Dances in Ceylon.

Capt. Guveratna, of Ceylon, sends us the following cutting which vividly describes the practice of devil-dances in Ceylon. This custom is practically in vogue throughout India, but the Army has successfully fought against it, and a number of those former devil-dancers are now thorough Salvationists. Our readers will probably remember Lieut. Horatula, who formed one of the party of Hindoos, which visited Canada and the U. S. under the leadership of Colonel Musa Bhal, and who used to be one of the most active of devil-dancers in his native village.

"With the Singhalese, when a man falls sick, he is supposed to be afflicted by the devil, and the best way to get rid of the demon is considered to be by propitiation. Hence the devil-dancers, who are a profession by themselves and do nothing else. Two or more of them go by night to the sick man's house, in front of which a small, square enclosure, about six feet high, has been made of grass and palm leaves. This answers the purpose of the green-room at a theatre. The men appear at first without masks and with long yellow grass streamers hanging from their heads and waists. The only light cast on the scene is by torches made of stick around which pieces of cloth are wrapped, dipped in oil. The music of a tom-tom, kept up on one note, the dancers keep up a peculiar, wild funeral dirge, in which the spectators often join.

The dancers begin by slowly moving about, stretching the right foot and bringing the left up to it, and appear as if they were searching for something, during which the singing sounds like crying. They are then asking the devil to appear. There are twenty-four different sorts of devils, and, after the first part, the dancers are constantly changing their clothes to represent the entire species; some wear masks, some don jaws and terrible teeth reaching to the ears; the jaws open and close in a very realistic manner. A dance lasts often two nights, as the whole twenty-four devils have all to be personated before the particular demon who is afflicting the sick man is pitched on. When he gives signs of his presence, the dancers go into a sort

faster and faster, the chanting grows into yells, the men whirl and stamp, the bells fastened by bracelets on their ankles jingle and clash. At this stake the dancers appear to be looking for some object to give the devil in sacrifice, and into which he may pass. A chicken is usually offered by the friend of the sick man, and this unfortunate bird is seized upon, twisted and tormented, and bitten between the false teeth, until the dancers, worn out, move slower and slower, and the chicken sinks into a sort of trance, which is a sign that the devil has accepted the sacrifice, and is willing to pass from the man into the bird. Now and then the bird is revived by some charmed water being thrown on its head, and then the torture of it begins again. After this the men don sheepskin petticoats and capes, and in the torchlight look more and more diabolical and frenzied in their thanks to the devil for consenting to leave the sick man. When the bird dies it is a sign that the devil has left the man and he will be cured. The bird is then thrown into the river, to be carried to the sea. It is never killed, and never eaten after dying. About an hour of this sort of thing is quite enough; it is really horrible and revolting; and one is thankful when the men leave off to go and drink the toddy prepared for them and make a night of it. The devil-dancers one sees at home in exhibition cannot come up to the savagery of the real performance."

## LOVE BEGETS LOVE.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John iv. 19.

O LORD! with what great love Thou lovest me,  
To send Thy Son on earth a babe to be;  
A sacrifice so rich, so rare was He;  
Oh! was this love for me? for me!

Oh Lord! Thy love so deep, so high, so sweet,  
Fills my poor heart, while prostrate at Thy feet;  
Now I seek light from Thee, that I may see  
How best I can return such love for me.

Oh Lord! just now from selfish pride I part,  
Touched by Thy love, I bring Thee all my heart;  
I consecrate my time, my talents—ALL,  
And gladly henceforth will obey Thy call. M. F.

## TOO MUCH TALK.

The moment words outrun realities there is deception, hypocrisy, emptiness. It is said of one person, he talked enough for six men. People grow weary of words, words, words, nothing but words. The Scripture says, "God is in heaven and thou art upon earth, wherefore let thy words be few." If our words are few we can choose them more carefully, and use them more to the purpose.

There are some who speak little, but their words are weighty. Everything they say counts and tells on the interests of those around them. Men watch for their words and hang upon their lips. There are others whose words are so empty and frivolous that they produce no more effect than the rattling of peas upon a shingle. Some persons have a fatal fluency. There is no end to their talk. They condense a vast number of words into a few ideas. Their greatest gift is the gift of continuance. They are never at fault for a word, but their words mean nothing and amount to nothing.—The Christian, Boston.

## COMING

Next week's Cry will have a special frontispiece, entitled,

"ANARCHY,"

## An Iron Pillar.

### BIOGRAPHY OF MADAME GUYON.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### She Begins Her Work.

IT was soon arranged that she should go to Gex, in the extreme east of France (as it was then bounded), twelve miles from Geneva. Here, Bishop D'Aranthon wished for her assistance in evangelizing the poor people of his diocese; but, previous to going there, she had opportunity, in the severe winter of 1680, to pour out her charity upon the poor of Paris and its suburbs; and, in all her almsgivings, she was careful to use every possible opportunity to feed the soul as well as the body. At length she started in a boat on the Seine with her little daughter and two servants; and, after a toilsome journey, reached Gex. Here, whilst engaged in all sorts of charitable labors amongst the poor, she got at people of all classes, including priests and nuns, and upon every possible occasion, pressed upon them the need for and the possibility of holiness.

Whilst at Gex, she had opportunity of leading Father La Combs into that full

Thonon, she had favor with the great body of persons there.

"Amid this general approbation and applause, the Lord," she says, "gave me to understand that the 'apostolic state,' (that is, the state in which persons find themselves specifically and especially devoted to the spiritual good of others), if it be entered into in purity of spirit and without reserve, will always be attended with severe trials. I remember the words of the multitude, which preceded the Saviour at the time of His triumphant entry into Jerusalem—'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord;' and the words of the same changeable multitude a few days afterwards, when they exclaimed, 'Away with Him! Crucify Him crucify Him!' And while I was thus meditating on what the Saviour experienced, and from whom, and was making the application of it to my own case, one of my female friends came in, and spoke to me particularly of the general esteem which the people had of me. I replied to her, 'Observe what I now tell you, that you will hear curses out of the same mouths, which at present pronounce blessings.'"

"Great was my consolation," she says, "never did I experience greater in my whole life, than to see in the town of Thonon, a place of no great extent, so many souls earnestly seeking God. Some of these seemed to have given their whole hearts to God, and experienced the highest spiritual blessings. Among them were a number of girls of twelve or thirteen years of age. It was interesting to see how deeply the Spirit of God had wrought in them. Being poor, they industriously followed their work all the day long; but having acquired a fixed habit of devotion, they sanctified their labors with silent prayer and inward communion. Sometimes they would so arrange their daily labor, that a number of them could carry on their work at the same place; and then they would select one, who read to them while the others pursued their task. They were so humble, so innocent, and sincere, that one could not see them without being reminded of the innocence and purity of primitive Christianity.

"She mentions particularly a poor woman, a laundress. 'This poor woman,' she says, 'was the mother of five children. But her poverty, and the cares of her family, were not the only sources of her trouble. She had a husband distempered both in mind and body. He seemed to have nothing left mentally but his angry dispositions, and nothing left physically but just strength enough in his unparalyzed arm to beat his suffering wife. Yet this poor woman, now become, under God's grace, rich in faith, bore all with the meekness and patience of an angel. By her personal labors she supported both her five children and her husband. Her poverty was extreme; her sufferings from other causes great; but amid her trials and distractions, she kept constantly recollected in God; and her tranquility of spirit was unbroken. When she prayed there was something wonderful in it.

"Among others there was a book-keeper, and a man whose business it was to make locks. Both became deeply religious; and, as was natural, they became intimate friends with each other. Learning the situation of the poor laundress, they agreed to visit her in turn, and to render her some assistance by reading to her. But they were surprised to learn that she was already instructed by the Lord Himself in all they read to her. God, they found, had taught her inwardly by the Holy Ghost, before He had sent, in His providence, the outward aid of books, and pious friends to confirm His inward communications. So much was this the case, that they were willing to receive instruction from her. Her words seemed Divine.

(To be continued.)

## LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from MAJOR SUTTON, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

## WANTED---AT ONCE!

Every reader of the War Cry to make up his mind to buy the excellent

## Christmas War Cry.

If you are doubtful whether the Captain will come round your way, or whether she will receive your copy if you do not tell her, MAKE SURE of a copy by giving her notice, that



# Battle Bulletins

OMEMEE.—TWO souls Sunday night.—Reg. Cor.

NAPANEE.—The devil is hard after us, but God leads the way. ONE soul Sunday.—A. N.

LETHBRIDGE.—Bro. Amandus Rosaine reports six souls for the week, also that God is blessing them in many ways.

SELKIRK.—Capt. Dwyer has farewelled. Sunday, a proper good time. TWO souls.—Yours for victory, Julia Russell.

FORT WILLIAM.—Sunday night God gave us the victory by two souls coming to the Fountain, making four since last report.—Capt. Wilkins.

WINDSOR, Ont.—Five more prisoners of Beelzebub for the past week. All hands have their "blood up" for S.-D.—Yours under the Flag, F. Burton, Capt.

SUDBURY.—Lively here re S.-D. Every soldier and officer feels O. K. for victory. TWO souls have started the heavenly music ringing by renouncing sin.—N. R. Trickey, J. S. S.-M.

OTTAWA.—Seven souls during the past week. Ensign Sims with lantern has been with us, also Sergt. McIntyre, of Toronto, on Sunday. Self-Denial in full swing. We are in for victory.—A. J. French, Cor.

SUNBURY.—Red-guernseyed Stovellites, from outpost, with us in full force Sunday. Sister Rostrum's solo in Swede captivated all, and by request repeated. Marches going up. Platoon space getting smaller. ONE soul last night.—N. R. Trickey, J. S.-M.

OMEMEE.—On Sunday we had with us Bro. Brooks, of Fenelon Falls. We had a grand meeting. ONE soul left the devil's ranks and came over on the Lord's side. Hallelujah!—Reg. Cor.

ESSEX.—Ensign McHarg and District officers with us last Wednesday. Officers' council in the afternoon, and at night we went in for a real old-fashioned free-and-easy meeting, the hall being nicely filled.—Yours to win, Capt. Coe and Haley.

BLENNHELM.—Had the first visit from Major Southall, and enjoyed it greatly. Self-Denial is now on and we are in for victory. When I view the sixteen-page War Cry I am lost in wonder, love and praise.—Ina Groom, R. C.

FARGO, N. D.—THREE for sanctification. Capt. Pattendon has come to help us. Ensign Hayes, with two comrades has been pushing our S.-D. for the last five days. Good finances.—Yours believing for our target, H. M. S., Reg. Cor.

BOTHWELL.—Since taking charge here two souls have found peace. We have rebuilt our quarters, making it into a comfortable, cheery place. Ensign Collier has paid us a visit. Finances and crowds good.—Yours marching on, Jas. Benny, Lieut.

BRAMPTON.—We are having splendid meetings and crowds. We also report victory at one of our outposts. Had a good meeting. Wound up with ONE soul, and another giving up his tobacco. We are hard at work at S.-D. While coming home from collecting we

talked and prayed with a man in a turnip field.—Capt. Hanna.

NEWMARKET.—Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin with us Wednesday. Brigadier spoke powerfully. One comrade for consecration, and two souls came for salvation. Brigadier Complin and Adj. Stanyon conducted the week-end meetings. Seven for salvation and one for consecration in two weeks.—W. C. O., Aux.

CARBERRY.—Carberry is looking up. We had Lieut.-Colonel Margett and Major McMillan with us Friday night, and enjoyed a grand meeting. We love to have specials. All day Sunday God was with us in power. One soul out for salvation. Crowds are increasing, deep conviction, War Cry all sold, S.-D. on the move.—V. S., Capt.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—It is some time since the readers have heard of us, yet we are glad to report victory. We have had a lot to contend with. Not only have we been tried by fire in the spiritual way but in reality, but God has been a real helper. We are now out in the street, but we are believing that very soon we shall have a hall and again be in working order.—Capt. C. Ziebarth.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—This Ensign of ours keeps things boiling. District Officers' Council last week. Two very good meetings while they were here. Wednesday night, one soul who had been attending Army meetings for ten years, came and got soundly converted. Thursday night meeting, dialogue between Ensign and Captain, "The falling officers and his D. O." THREE souls saved.—M. J. W., Reg. Cor.

PARIS.—Self-Denial is the important question of the day. We are at it, body and soul. Wednesday night we had with us Ensign Ottaway, from Guelph, to assist us in launching the Self-Denial boat, which was done in proper style. The Ensign spoke inter-

estingly on the Social work. Her stories were very touching and left a lasting impression. Many were enlightened. Our soldiers intend doing their utmost for such a noble cause.—Wm. McLaughlin, Reg. Cor.

## Social Meeting in Trenton Methodist Church,

Led by Brigadier Mrs. Read.

We were met at the station by Capt. Bearehell, who, with his faithful wife, was believing for a great crowd at night.

But owing to the deep gloom that had settled in the town, caused by the Murray Hill railroad accident, of which our readers will be acquainted, our spirits went down a little, but the large Methodist Church was loaned us for the evening, and a good crowd was out. Mr. Bouter kindly took the chair. He made a few well-chosen remarks in welcoming Mrs. Read. He spoke very highly of the work of the S. A., giving the statistics for the year.

Mrs. Read spoke for an hour and a quarter with great freedom and power on the terrible need in our own fair Dominion. God bless and speed the Rescue lifeboat. The Rev. Mr. Greatrix spoke very kindly, also asking for a good collection, to which the people responded quite readily. We thank the Trenton people very much for their kindness, especially the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Greatrix, with whom we were billeted, who were kindness itself. Mrs. Read had a few minutes talk with the comrades after the meeting, urging them to go forward.

God bless them. Trenton is a hard go, but the God we serve is almighty.—E. H.

## Crossed the River.

Dartmouth, N. S.

Bro. George Lennox has passed over the river. He was a soldier for years, converted at the laying of the corner stone of the Dartmouth barracks, under Major Southall. He was ever found at his post when able, but the last year of his life he was never able to leave his bed. He was a great sufferer, but always found God's grace sufficient.—L. H. Larder, Ensign.

## Live London.

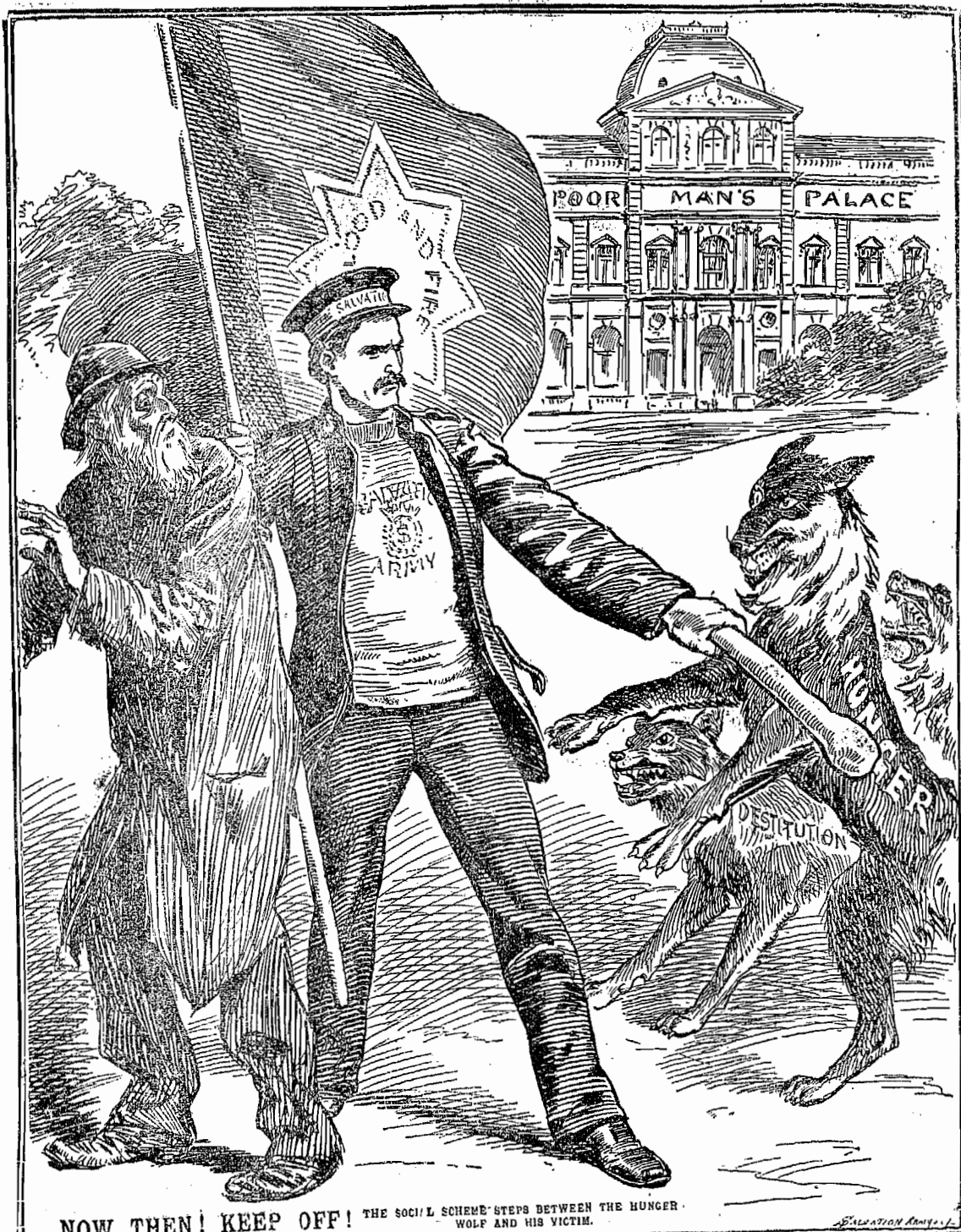
(Special.)

Adj. Stanyon at London Saturday and Sunday. Marvellous manifestations of the presence of God in the meetings. Self-Denial went with a bang, and both officers and soldiers are sure of smashing our target of \$110. Bandsmen and Juniors are working desperately to achieve one of the greatest victories ever won. Adj. and Mrs. Coombs and Capt. Hellman have fought a valiant fight. The spirit of corps is heavenly.

## Good and Bad Soles.

There are good soles that bring comfort and health to their owners, and there are bad soles, which are responsible for much sickness that lays up and kills people. A great deal could be written about thin soled boots and shoes worn by our people.

The sole of the foot is the most susceptible part of the human body, and requires, therefore, to be protected by warm, dry stockings, as well as stout-soled boots, in winter, and by rubbers in rainy weather. Keeping the feet dry and warm is an essential to good health, which nobody can neglect with impunity. Soldiers and officers should bear this well in mind, now that the wet and cold season is upon us. If you have thin-soled boots, and cannot afford to buy another pair at present, you should at least wear a pair of cork soles inside. Rubbers are most necessary in wet weather, and you should not go on the march or open-air without them. Wet feet means a loss of vitality. Colds, lung troubles, nerve troubles and consumption have been brought on, or become developed to a dangerous degree through wearing thin soles; this is especially applicable to women. Once being used to the comfort of warm, dry feet, you will rather let your boots be a size or two larger, than, for vanity's sake, wear paper-soled boots at the risk of one of the choicest gifts of God—good health. Do not only pray, "Deliver us from evil," but as far as it is possible for you, us: your common sense to meet God half way in answering your own prayers.—Sophia Soudsenge.





**Gaskin Found Tacks on the Track—Nigger Punctured—Southall's New Arab  
Gallantly Won the Lead—Bennett's Mag Caught up to Nigger,  
and May Yet Overtake Him.**

He came to the front like a flash of lightning and passed everybody last week, Gaskin's Nigger did, but tell it not in Gath, the cutlass fell from the grasp of that noble figure; Nigger is wind-broke—punctured—and Gaskin waits on the fence rail for his recuperation.

Southall triumphantly passes by and politely asks, "Who leads?" Gaskin tragically replies, "Others lead and I follow—when the beast gets his breath again." Alas! such are the vicissitudes of this mortal existence. Why not get a horse that is puncture-proof?

Bennett rejoices, for he has now fully caught up with Gaskin, and may pass him next week. And there is the East coming—well, there is no immediate danger from that quarter yet. They are 24 behind.

Here is the kind of a man that will help the N. W. to boom:

Carberry, Nov. 14th, 1898.

Dear Editor,—I want to take part in this great War Cry Boom. I have opened my eyes to the fact we are too far behind in the North-West. The old saying is, every drop in the bucket helps to fill. The same with the North-West Boom, every boomer helps the roll.—Capt. Stoakes.

There are others coming on a long way behind. For full particulars inquire at the tail end of the Hustlers' Column.

**WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.**

**77 Hustlers.**

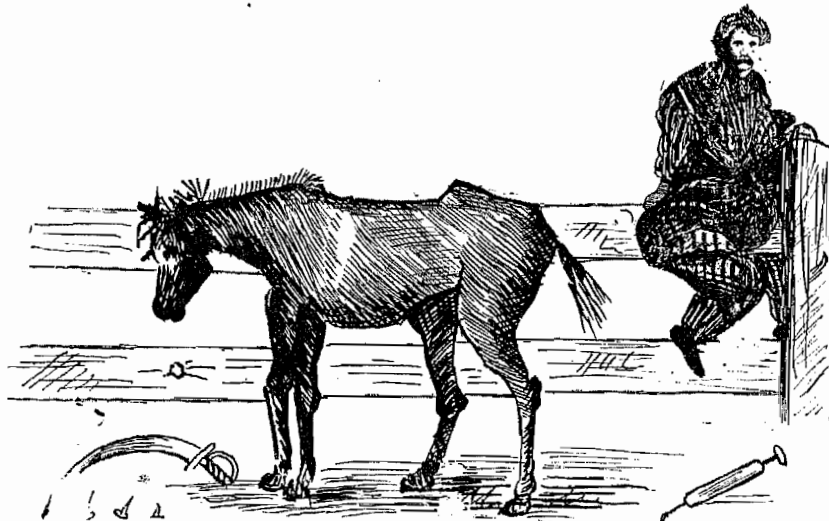
CAPT. HELLHAN, London .....	235
SERGT.-MAJOR MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock .....	225
ENSIGN M. COLLETT, Brantford .....	130
LIEUT. M. HOCKIN, Brantford .....	130
SISTER J. COUCH, Stratford .....	122
CAPT. HOLLETT, Strathroy .....	115
CAPT. A. D. SLOTE, Ingersoll .....	111
SERGT. McDOUGAL, Goderich .....	105
SERGT. MRS. BETMAN, Strathroy .....	103
Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham .....	99
Sergt. Mrs. Rock, Chatham .....	89
Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia .....	84
Ensign Dean, Hespeler .....	80
Lieut. Pickle, Wallaceburg .....	78
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph .....	75
Ensign A. Gamble, Petrolia .....	75
Lieut. Carr, Dresden .....	71
Capt. Cockerill, Forest .....	70
Ensign H. Scott, Galt .....	70
Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg .....	70
Lieut. Fyfe, Petrolia .....	70
Sergt. E. Gifford, Simcoe .....	68
Cand. A. B. Carley, Ridgetown .....	68
Capt. Mathers, Guelph .....	62
Sister F. Yoe, Windsor .....	62
Capt. M. Rees, Watford .....	60
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor .....	56
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia .....	55
Capt. Crawford, Leamington .....	55
Capt. Coe, Essex .....	53
Capt. Haley, Essex .....	51
Capt. A. Patterson, Galt .....	50
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton .....	50
Lieut. Baird, Listowell .....	50
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas .....	46
Adj. Coombs, London .....	45
Sister F. Cook, Clinton .....	44
Bro. A. McLean, Hespeler .....	40
Sergt.-Major Allen, Mitchell .....	40
Sergt. M. Schuster, Berlin .....	40
Ensign Raynor, Paris .....	40
Lieut. Beach, Seaforth .....	40
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas .....	40
Lieut. Winter, Goderich .....	39
Sergt.-Major Scott, Guelph .....	36
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll .....	35
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor .....	35
Sergt. Palmer, London .....	34
Ensign Bale, Seaforth .....	32
Sergt. Love, Seaforth .....	32
Sergt. R. Palmer, Blenheim .....	32
Sergt. Mrs. Foster, Simcoe .....	31
Sergt. Butler, London .....	31
Sergt. Harris, London .....	30
Lieut. Burrows, Paris .....	30
Ensign F. McKenzie, Berlin .....	30
Sister M. Fritchley, Listowell .....	30
Bro. M. Benn, Wallaceburg .....	30
Sergt. G. Craft, Chatham .....	30
Sergt. M. Wilson, Tilbury .....	30
Lieut. Churchill, Tilbury .....	30
Mrs. Robinson, Tilbury .....	30

Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin .....	29
Lieut. Payton, Clinton .....	27
Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim .....	27
Lieut. M. Crawford, Simcoe .....	26
Bro. O. Crank, Leamington .....	25
Sister D. Bond, Wingham .....	24
Cadet Hart, Wingham .....	23
Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham .....	21
Sister Fulkerson, Sarnia .....	21
Bro. McCurrie, Petrolia .....	20
Mrs. J. Knapp, Ingersoll .....	20
Sister G. Cheeseman, London .....	20
Bro. A. Pinnell, London .....	20
Capt. Huntingdon, Clinton .....	20

**CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.**

**65 Hustlers.**

SISTER PEARCE, Temple .....	120
Sergt.-Major Dyker, Orillia .....	88
Sister Medlock, Temple .....	75
Sister Currell, Temple .....	75
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines .....	66
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville .....	60
Sergt.-Major Bone, Barrie .....	60
Capt. Clink, Collingwood .....	53
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood .....	53
Bro. Dixon, Temple .....	50
Capt. M. Stephens, North Bay .....	50
Lieut. J. McLennan, North Bay .....	50
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St. .....	50
Lieut. Donaldson, Dundas .....	50
Cadet Levitt, Richmond St. ....	49
Capt. Fisher, Hamilton I. ....	48
Bro. Case, Hamilton I. ....	45



**NIGGER PUNCTURED!**

Capt. Stevens, Orillia .....	45
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville .....	45
Capt. Wm. White, Oakville .....	45
Sergt. Mrs. Bowbier, Lisgar St. ....	41
Lieut. Cooper, St. Catharines .....	41
Sergt.-Major Bradley, Temple .....	40
Sister Russell, Orangeville .....	40
Lieut. Northcott, Newmarket .....	40
Cadet Carpenter, Richmond St. ....	40
Capt. Hanna, Brampton .....	35
Lieut. Wadge, Brampton .....	35
Cadet Ringled, Lippincott .....	34
Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm .....	34
Capt. Barker, Oshawa .....	33
Lieut. Dales, Oshawa .....	33
Capt. Darrach, Oshawa .....	31
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I. ....	31
Cadet Bone, Lippincott .....	31
Sergt.-Major Hunter, Newmarket .....	30
Sister McQuaig, Temple .....	30
Sister Bolton, Temple .....	30
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville .....	30
Capt. Nelson, Gravenhurst .....	30
Cadet Young, Richmond St. ....	27
Cadet Lang, Lippincott .....	27
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott .....	25
Sister M. Jones, Hamilton I. ....	25
Sergt. A. Stickells, Lisgar St. ....	25
Capt. W. McDougall, Lisgar St. ....	25
Lieut. Suddard, Gravenhurst .....	25
Sister Garvie, Temple .....	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge .....	25
Lieut. Cook, Uxbridge .....	25
Capt. Capper, Chesley .....	25
Capt. J. A. Wiseman, Brooklin .....	25
Lieut. Crego, Hamilton .....	23
Sergt.-Major Beall, St. Catharines ..	23
Sister Simpson, Yorkville .....	22
Lieut. J. Marshall, Ormeau .....	22
Bro. G. Slanton, Hamilton I. ....	22
Mrs. Taylor, Hamilton I. ....	21
Mrs. Howard, Collingwood .....	20
Sergt. Major, Collingwood .....	20

Sister Keefer, Newmarket .....	20
Sister H. Peard, St. Catharines ..	20
Father Curry, Hamilton I. ....	20
Sergt. M. Stickells, Lisgar St. ....	20

**EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.**

**65 Hustlers.**

CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa .....	125
ENSIGN WALKER, Belleville .....	121
SERGT. DUDLEY, Ottawa .....	120
ADJT. GOODWIN, Ottawa .....	112
SERGT.-MAJOR PERKINS, Barre .....	102
Lieut. H. Young, St. Johnsbury (av. 2 wks) .....	96
Capt. N. McManney, St. Johnsbury (av. 2 wks) .....	96
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston ..	86
Lieut. Latimer, Cornwall .....	85
apt. happell, Deseronto .....	80
Lieut. Wood, Napanee .....	80
Lieut. Brown, Newport .....	75
Sister Crozier, Montreal I. ....	75
Bro. Barritt, Montreal I. ....	75
Sister Simmons, Kingston .....	71
Lieut. Sleeth, Morrisburg .....	70
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I. ....	65
Capt. Norman, Napanee .....	63
Sergt. Mrs. Lewis, Montreal I. ....	60
Lieut. Woods, Napanee .....	60
Capt. Nyland, Odessa .....	55
Mrs. Capt. Bearchell, Trenton .....	53
Bro. Barnes, Montreal I. ....	50
Sister Frazer, Montreal I. ....	50
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Montreal I. ....	50
Capt. McIntyre, Gananoque .....	50
Capt. Michiel, Montreal II. ....	50
Capt. Williams, Pembroke .....	50
Lieut. Williams, Pembroke .....	50
Ensign H. C. Kendall, Cobourg .....	47

BRO. J. KELLY, St. George (av. 3 wks) .....	100
SISTER M. GRAHAM, Halifax I. ....	100
Capt. J. Bowering, Glace Bay .....	90
Cadet Howbold, St. John I. ....	86
Cadet Pemberton, St. John I. ....	81
Bro. C. Wingham, Charlottetown ..	80
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III. ....	75
Capt. Brehaut, St. John I. ....	72
Capt. Green, Yarmouth .....	70
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton .....	70
Sergt.-Major Changler, St. John III	65
Sergt. Vanbushkirk, Moncton (av. 5 wks) .....	65
Sergt.-Major Cuthbertson, Moncton	62
Mrs. Williams, New Glasgow .....	62
Mrs. Ensign Frazer, Springhill	55
Mines .....	55
Sister Maybee, Charlottetown .....	55
Lieut. Held, Kentville .....	53
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay ..	50
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock .....	50
Cand. G. Wambolt, Halifax I. ....	49
Cand. Urquhart, Springhill Mines ..	49
Sister Adams, Houlton .....	45
Sergt. Allen, St. John III. ....	42
Sister L. Selig, Carleton .....	40
Bro. Read, St. John I. ....	40
Sister B. Ferguson, Halifax I. ....	38
Sister B. Perry, Yarmouth .....	37
Sister C. Conrad, Halifax I. ....	34
Sergt.-Major, Yarmouth .....	30
Capt. Thomas, Halifax II. ....	27
Cand. Ginnivan, Halifax II. ....	25
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II. ....	25
Sergt. Graves, Moncton .....	21
Sister A. Andrews, Houlton .....	20
Sergt. McAdren, Glace Bay .....	20
Sister Currie, Woodstock .....	20

**NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.**

**21 Hustlers.**

ENSIGN HAYES, Regina .....	100
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo .....	90
Cadet Curtis, Winnipeg .....	85
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg .....	80
Capt. B. LeDrew, Jamestown .....	70
Capt. Brandser, Grand Forks .....	63
Mrs. Wilkins, Port Arthur .....	52
Cadet Wick, Winnipeg .....	49
Sister M. Chapman, Winnipeg .....	46
Capt. Elliott, Virden .....	46
Capt. Stoakes, Carberry (av. 3 wks)	40
Sister A. McNabb, Portage la Prairie .....	35
Capt. Habbkirk, Portage la Prairie ..	31
Lieut. Hammond, Grand Forks .....	31
Mrs. Ensign Bailey, Neepawa .....	26
Sister S. Chapman, Winnipeg .....	26
Sister B. Johnson, Winnipeg .....	25
Sister H. McNabb, Portage la Prairie .....	25
Sister Wilson, Portage la Prairie ..	20
Sister Burrowe, Morden .....	20
Lieut. Halsten, Carberry .....	20

**PACIFIC PROVINCE.**

**16 Hustlers.**

ENSIGN B. BRANIGAN, Calgary. ....	120
CAPT. THORKILDSON, Nanaimo. ....	110
CAPT. KRELL, Nelson .....	107
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria .....	100
MRS. ADJT. AYRE, Victoria .....	100
MRS. CADET-CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace .....	100
Lieut. Gain, Billings .....	95
Lieut. Walrath, Livingston .....	90
Sister Tracey, Anaconda .....	71
Sister M. Lloyd, Anaconda. ....	70
Sister Hogarth, Kallispell .....	66
Capt. Gooding, Revelstoke .....	65
Cadet E. Ellison, New Westminster	55
Cadet Sweet, Sheridan .....	26
Capt. Arnold, Trail .....	20
Cadet Brown, Trail .....	20

**NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.**

**5 Hustlers.**

Capt. Hiscock, St. Johns II. ....	30
Lieut. Sainsbury, St. Johns II. ....	25
Cadet Spracklin, St. Johns II. ....	20
Julia Liston, St. Johns II. ....	20
Wm. Carter, St. Johns II. ....	20

See to it that Satan does not sour your heart towards your Heavenly Father, or turn the sweet tenderness of trust into gall of bitter murmurings.

It is the little things in life; the little word of praise; the cheery word of encouragement; the helpful, little act; the pleasant smile; the approving look that sweeten and bless our pathways. And these simple little kindnesses that make life fragrant are all the spontaneous natural outcome of a heart that is full of the Christ-love, the love that impells Him constantly to go about doing good, and that is the test

**EASTERN PROVINCE.**

**41 Hustlers.**

CAPT. HORWOOD, Charlottetown .....	235
CAPT. C. ALLEN, Westville .....	183
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I. ....	158



## Our Platform.

## Talmage on Religious Humdrum.

Religious humdrum is the worst of all humdrum. You say over and over again, "Come to Jesus," until the phrase means absolutely nothing. Why do you not tell them a story which will make them come to Jesus in five minutes? You say that all Sunday-School teachers and all evangelists and all ministers must bring their illustrations from the Bible. Christ did not when He preached. The most of the Bible was written before Christ's time, but where did He get His illustrations? He drew them from the lilies, from the ravens, from salt, from a candle, from a bushel, from long-faced hypocrites, from gnats, from moths, from large yeast in the dough of bread, from a camel, from the needle's eye, from the yeast in the dough of bread, from a mustard seed, from fishing nets, from debtors and creditors. That is the reason why multitudes followed Christ. His illustrations were so easy and so understandable. Therefore, my brother Christian worker, if you and I find two illustrations for a religious subject, and the one is a Bible illustration and the other is outside of the Bible, I will take the latter, because I want to be like my Master. Looking across to a hill, Christ saw the city of Jerusalem. Talking to the people about Him, he said, "The world is looking at you; be careful. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." While he was speaking of the Divine care of God's children, a bird flew past. He said, "Behold the ravens." Then looking down into the valley, all covered at that season with flowers, He said, "Consider the lilies." Oh, my brother Christian workers, what is the use of going away off in some obscure part of history, or on the other side of the earth to get an illustration when the earth and the heavens are full of illustrations? Why should we go away off to get an illustration of the vicarious suffering of Jesus when as near us as Bloomfield, N. J., two little children were walking on the railroad track, and a train was coming, but they were on a bridge of trestle work, and the little girl took her brother and let him down through the trestle work as gently as she could towards the water, very carefully, and lovingly, and cautiously, so that he might not be hurt in the fall, and might be picked up by those who were standing near by. While doing that the train struck her, and hardly enough of her body was left to gather into a funeral casket. What was that? Vicarious suffering. Like Christ. Pang for others. Woe for others. Suffering for others. Death for others.

What is the use of our going away off to find an illustration in past age, when during the great forest fires in Michigan, a mail carrier on horseback, riding on pursued by those flames which had swept over a hundred miles, saw an old man by the roadside, dismounted, helped the old man on the horse, saying, "Now, whip up and get away." The old man got away, but the mail carrier perished. Just like Christ dismounting from the glories of heaven to put us on the way of deliverance, then falling back into the flames of sacrifice for others. Pang for others. Woe for others. Death for others.

PORT ARTHUR.—Still pounding away.—A. Wilkins, Capt.

GRAVENHURST.—Two backsliders returned. We are having good meetings.—F. T., Cor.

HESPELER.—In for victory. Guns all aimed square at S.-D. target. Week-end meetings led by Adj. Manton.—J. S. S.-M.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—Good time Sunday. Larger crowds and also collections. THREE for salvation at night. Better on before.—Adj. Byers.

HALIFAX I.—Thursday night ONE soul for pardon. Capt. Jackson has arrived to assist. Good day on Sunday, ONE soul for the blessing and TWO for pardon.—Treas. Casbin.

WOODSTOCK, Ont.—Beautiful times here. Soldiers on fire. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips with us for week-end. Nine in the Fountain Sunday night.—Yours to fight, J. P., R. C.

HOULTON.—Good meetings all week. FOUR souls sought and found salvation, and one raised their hand for prayer. Further on, the way grows brighter.—Emily White, Cor.

PORT HOPE.—Sunday afternoon ONE soul. At night TWO more, this making five souls since last report. We are busy with Self-Denial, and we are in for doing our best for God.—Annie, R. C.

HEART'S DELIGHT, Nfld.—On Wednesday night TWO souls found their way to the Cross. On Sunday we had beautiful times, ONE soul finding pardon.—S. Cummins, Capt.

REVELSTOKE.—Brigadier Howell with us on Thursday. Cadet Floyd welcomed to our midst. Sunday night one backslider, a drunkard still under the effects of drink, came and found the Saviour.—Capt. Gooding.

MONTREAL II.—Last Sunday Ensign Sims and Capt. King with us. TWO souls came to God. Monday we had the lantern service, subject, "Father, come home." A good crowd enjoyed the meeting.—W. G., R. C.

DUNDAS.—A man addicted to drink wandered into the Tuesday night meeting and sought God, and afterwards was able to testify to God's saving

power. The comrades here show a beautiful spirit re S.-D. They are denying themselves both of time and money for God's Kingdom. God bless them. We are in to smash our target.—M. L. Smith, Capt.

LISGAR ST.—Another day's fight for souls. FOUR backsliders returned. marches are increasing. Self-Denial looks very promising and we won't be defeated. We are erecting an addition to our barracks for the Juniors.—Bro. S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Thursday night an enrolment. Finished up with a sandwich and coffee social. Friday, two souls for the blessing. One Junior for salvation. Sunday, good all day. Night meeting led by Adj. and Mrs. Ayre, assisted by Adj. Barr. Two Juniors and one Senior for salvation.

Crowds are good, open-airs beautiful. Our War Cry all sold out. The enlarged papers take well.—Yours in the war, M. L.

SOCIAL FARM.—Good meeting Tuesday night. Adj. Dodd present. Target of \$15 S.-D. given to War Cry Sergeant and cheerfully accepted by that jolly fellow. Mr. Madden appointed to canvas the balance of the neighborhood. Brigadier Gaskin called on Thursday and appointed a Junior Sergt.-Major to gather up the young people and children for Junior meetings Sunday mornings.—Chas. C. Gooda.



## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert st. Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second insertion.)

WALTER HANSON, age 20, light hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 5 in. Last heard of at Houlton, Me. Supposed to have gone to the Klondike or Cuba. His mother is very anxious about him. Address to Mrs. H. M. Hanson, Fredericton, N. B., or Adj. McLean, Fredericton, N. B. American Cry Please copy.

CONSOD HOPKINS, age 50 years, auburn hair, brown eyes, medium height. Something to his advantage awaits him. Will anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate with Miss Rowena McIlveen, Clavering P. O., Ont. American Cry please copy.

WALTER BURKE. Left his home at Beyton, Suffolk, England, and was last heard from on February 3rd, 1879, in 'Downview, Ontario, Canada'. Anxiously inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WILLIAM LURCH, formerly a Salvation Army soldier at Minneapolis. His sister Dora is very anxious to know his address. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

PETER McNAB, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, little scar on nose. Last heard of Aug. 20th, 1890. Was living then in Grayling, Mich., also worked for Mr. Ketchen, of Kitchen, Mich. His widowed mother, Mrs. Jas. McNab, of Mount Forest, Ont., is anxious to hear. American Cry please copy.

JESSIE R. TAYLOR, about 23 years of age, 5 ft. in height, light hair and blue eyes. Missing about 18 months. Last known address was c.o. Mr. Hall, Richmond, Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CHARLES EYEKIEL LLOYD, last heard of at 17 Corn Exchange, Montreal, Canada. Before that, was in Conbury, Mortimer. His friends are anxious to hear. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MRS. LIU WORKMAN. Anyone knowing the address of the above kindly communicate with C. P. Fleggar, 926 Bridge St., Spokane, Wash., U. S.

DAVID MORRIS. Dark complexion. height 6 ft. Left Toronto six years ago. Last known address Westminster Ave., Vancouver, B. C., also lived at Port San Juan, B. C. His mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

## IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?  
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?  
PROPERTY DEEDS?  
MORTGAGES?  
INSURANCES, OR  
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR  
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeeton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



## SPECIAL OFFER IN Winter Overcoats

On orders received not later than December 25th, we will throw off . . .

### TEN PER CENT.,

which means that our very best Overcoat with Cape will cost you only \$23.50 instead of \$26; our cheapest one, \$12.60 instead of \$14.00.

Even this one is a bargain at that price.

For Wear and Satisfaction, our


## Heavy Serge Overcoats

Are far ahead of anything we have offered. You will get more comfort and enjoy that comfort longer, if you will take nothing but a Serge Overcoat. The quality and prices are:

	No.	Without Cape.	With Cape.	Goods per yd. all 56 in. wide.
Serge,	494	\$16 00	\$21 00	\$2 25
"	4621	17 00	22 00	2 40
"	4777	18 00	23 50	2 60
"	1891	19 00	25 00	3 00
"	563	20 00	26 00	3 40
Frieze,	-	14 00	19 00	1 50

In order to get the above discount, it is necessary to cut out the Coupon below and send same with order.

COUPON.



### CHRISTMAS OFFER IN OVERCOATS.

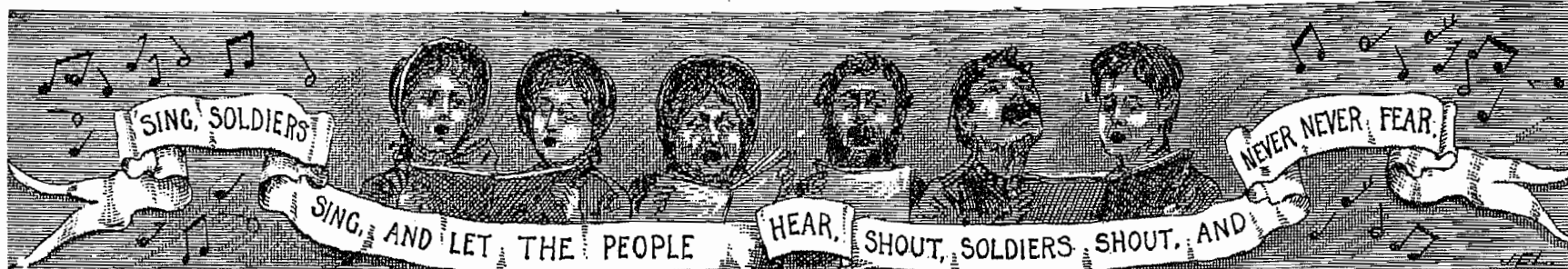
THIS COUPON will be received as 10 per cent off payment on ONE OVERCOAT if ordered before December 25th, 1898.

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

Kindly give Name.

We have no ready-made Overcoats in stock. Yours will be made to your measure. For Samples and Measurement Forms kindly apply to your Provincial Officer. In filling up the Measurement Form kindly be careful to state your exact height and weight, together with any peculiarities that may be helpful to us in giving a good fit. We guarantee satisfaction. God bless you!

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

**Holiness**

Tune.—Cleansing for me (B.J. 15; P. W. 64.)

**1** Lord, through the Blood of the Lamb that was slain,  
Cleansing for me,  
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,  
Cleansing from Thee.  
Sinful and black though the past may have been,  
Many the crushing defeat I have seen,  
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I lean,  
Cleansing for me.

From all the sins over which I wept,  
Far, far away, by the Blood-current swept,  
Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,  
And as I come Thou dost just now receive,  
And over sin I may never more grieve,  
Cleansing for me.

From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom,  
From all the tears that would point me to doom,  
Jesus, although I may not understand,  
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,  
And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,  
Cleansed by Thee.

From all the cares of what men think or say,  
From ever fearing to speak, sing or pray;  
Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,  
That all may know that to Thee I belong;  
When I am tempted let this be my song—  
Cleansing for me.

**Come and be a Soldier.**

Tune.—Anything for Jesus.

**2** In our noble Army there's a place for you,  
Where brave deeds of daring you may always do;  
Large and white the harvest sheaves you may obtain,  
If with faith you labor in the Saviour's name.

Chorus.

Come and be a soldier, bravely fight for the right,  
Come and be a soldier, loyal, brave and true.

Fill each passing hour with kind deeds of love,  
God will give you power mountains to remove;  
In His name go forward, do not hesitate,  
March with holy boldness e'en to hell's dark gate.

Soon the time for working will be past and gone,  
If the cross you're shrinking you will weep and mourn;  
When God calls you to Him on the Judgment Day,  
If you've not been faithful what then will you say?  
Staff-Capt. J. C. Ludgate.

**He Can't Get Me No More**

**3** The devil worked me very hard,  
But he can't get me no more.  
Eternal things I didn't regard,  
But he can't get me no more.  
He got me on the downward way,  
And what do you suppose he gave for pay?  
An aching heart both night and day;  
But he can't get me no more.

Chorus.

He can't get me no more,  
He can't get me no more,  
He had me once, but he let me go—  
And he can't get me no more.

I remember when we acquainted got,  
But he can't get me no more.  
He said religion was all rot,  
But he can't get me no more.  
He said if I'd serve him might and main,  
A wondrous joy I should obtain:  
He only gave me sorrow and pain.

One thing sure, he brands his sheep,  
But he can't get me no more.  
And when he brands, he brands to keep,  
But he can't get me no more.  
He knew he had me in his power,  
So he let me alone for a whole big hour;  
When he came back he looked so sour,  
I wasn't his no more.

The Lord took me into His fold,  
The devil's gone away.  
And now I am a soldier bold,  
The devil's gone away.  
Oh, sinners, come and change your pay,  
And get the peace that lasts away,  
You'll be happy night and day.  
When the devil's gone away.

**War.**

Tune.—Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

**5** A war is fiercely raging  
Between the wrong and right;  
Between the powers of darkness,  
And those of truth and light.  
We're on the side of Jesus,  
For Him we'll live and die,  
And with Him we'll gain the victory  
Bye-and-bye!

Chorus.

There's a day of victory coming,  
It's coming bye-and-bye,  
When the Flag of Calvary  
The nations all shall fly.  
Oh, comrades in the Army,  
We'll fight until we die,  
For the day of victory's coming  
Bye-and-bye!

The victories of the past have been wonderful and grand,  
For hundreds to the Saviour  
Have come on every hand.  
The Lord has raised this Army  
To bring His Kingdom nigh,  
And the day of victory's coming  
Bye-and-bye!

We mean to go forth bolder,  
With greater zeal to fight;  
To bring poor souls to Jesus,  
From sin and nature's night.  
All sin shall fall before us,  
We'll make the devil fly,  
For the day of victory's coming.  
Bye-and-bye!

**Backsliders.**

Tunes.—Hark, the voice (B.J. 51, 1);  
Helmsley (B.J. 147, 2).

**6** Blot, oh, blot out my transgression!  
Canst Thou not my soul restore?  
Now I come in true contrition,  
Lift me up, to fall no more.

Chorus.

Oh, restore me!  
Lift me up, to fall no more!

All is dark when Thou dost leave me,  
Not a single star remains;  
Black despair then overtakes me,  
And I groan in sins dark chains.

Ah! so often I have grieved Thee!  
Disobeyed Thy Spirit's voice;  
Shrunk from suffering and betrayed Thee,  
Missed my road by selfish choice.

Why should I so shrink and tremble  
When reproach I'm called to share?  
Ah! how little I resemble  
Him who blame and scorn did bare?

To Thy cross nail my affections,  
Fix, oh, fix this changing heart!  
Henceforth may I strictly follow,  
Nothing seek from Thee apart.  
The Marechale.

**Come to the Saviour**

Tune.—Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted?

**7** Sinner, plunge into the cleansing fountain,  
Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour!  
Jesus died for you on Calvary's mountain,  
Come to the Saviour to-day!

Chorus.

Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour!

Time swiftly is flying, soon you will be dying,  
Come to the Saviour to-day!

Sinner, you are under condemnation,  
Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour!  
On the cross He purchased your salvation,  
Come to the Saviour to-day!

Sinner, leave the path of sin and sorrow,  
Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour!  
Come just now, don't wait until tomorrow,  
Come to the Saviour to-day!

Sinner, listen to the invitation,  
Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour!  
Jesus died for every tribe and nation,  
Come to the Saviour to-day!

**Freedom for All.**

Tune.—Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

**8** We have to proclaim of a Saviour,  
Of the Blood that atones for your sin,  
Of a freedom that outlives the nation,  
Of a life that is joyous within.  
In Christ you will find love and mercy,  
His grace on you He will bestow,  
If you come at His footstool now confessing,  
Heaven's foretaste will be yours here below.

Chorus.

There is freedom for all who will come,  
There is freedom for all who will come,  
The bonds of iniquity He'll sever,  
There is freedom for all who will come.

Many years you have wandered in darkness,  
The light from the cross you have not seen,  
Day by day into sin going deeper,  
Stop and think what must the Judgment mean.

Your vows to your mother you have broken,  
The grey locks to the grave with sorrow borne,  
Turn to Jesus just now He will deliver,  
No longer for past transgressions mourn.

Through the Blood that from Calvary is flowing,  
Through the grace that is given so free,  
Through the love of a crucified Saviour,  
Come away to the Cross and be free.

If you seek Him in faith He will deliver,  
Make your life one of victory here below,  
Then henceforth with us you will be able  
To proclaim to mankind the Blood does still flow.

Staff-Capt. W. J. Turner,  
Spokane Wash.

**A Medley.**

All in Bb.

Yesterday, to-day, for ever, Jesus is the same;  
We may change, but Jesus never—glory to His name!

Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home, (Repeat.)  
Sinner, don't delay.

There is cleansing in the Blood, I believe.

From my weary heart the burden rolled away—  
Happy day!

Oh, the good old way, the good old way,  
We're travelling on the good old way.

Oh, the waters of Jordan may roll.  
He gave me joy where once was woe.

So we'll march through the world with the Fire and the Blood.

Oh, the Army will be ready when He comes!

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love!

**Appointments**

OF THE

**Field Commissioner.**

The Pavilion, Toronto,  
SUNDAY, December 18.

**BERMUDA CAMPAIGN.****Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs**

Will visit the following Corps:

HAMILTON, Sunday, Dec. 4.  
ST. GEORGES, Monday, Dec. 5.  
HAMILTON, Friday, Sunday and Monday, Dec. 9, 11 and 12.  
WARWICK, Tuesday, Dec. 13.  
SOUTHAMPTON, Wednesday, Dec. 14.  
SOMERSET, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15 and 16.  
ST. GEORGES, Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17 and 18.  
HAMILTON, Monday and Wednesday, Dec. 19 and 21.

**The Territorial Secretary,****Lieut.-Colonel Margetts**

will visit the following places:

BUTTE, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3, 4, 5.  
HELENA, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 6, 7.  
LIVINGSTON, Thurs., Dec. 8.  
BILLINGS, Fri., Dec. 9.  
JAMESTOWN, Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11, 12.  
GRAND FORKS, Tues., Dec. 13.  
FARGO, Wed., Dec. 14.

**MRS. BRIGADIER READ,**

Women's Social Secretary,

will visit

Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 10, 11, 12.  
St. Albans, Wed., Dec. 14.  
Burlington, Thurs., Dec. 15.  
Barre, Fri., Dec. 16.  
Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues., Dec. 17, 18, 19, 20. (Opening of new Women's Shelter.)

**Great Junior Demonstration**

conducted by

**BRIGADIER COMPLIN,**

assisted by

ADJT. and MRS. STANYON, ADJT. MANTON, ENSIGN GRIFFITHS, and LIEUT. EASTON.

At the following places:

Lippincott, St., Thursday, Dec. 1.  
Yorkville, Wednesday, Dec. 7.  
Lisgar St., Thursday, Dec. 8.

**NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.****Major McMillan's Tour.**

Regina, Dec. 1 and 2.  
Prince Albert, Dec. 4.  
Moosomin, Dec. 6.  
Virden, Dec. 7.